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AUTHOR

MUNDAY, A.

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TITLE

John a Kent and John a Cumber.  
(Malone Society)

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JOHN A KENT  
& JOHN A CUMBER

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JOHN A KENT  
JOHN A CUMBER

This edition of *John a Kent and John a Cumber* has  
been prepared by Muriel St. Clare Byrne and checked  
by the General Editor.

*June* 1923.

W. W. Greg.

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C



The manuscript of *John a Kent* was until recently in the possession of Lord Mostyn. For the purposes of this edition it has most generously been lent by its present owners, Messrs. Quaritch. According to Farmer, who published a facsimile of it in 1912, it was 'brought to light in modern times when Sir Frederick Madden was Assistant Keeper of the manuscripts in the British Museum. At that time he came into contact with the Mostyn family papers—hence the discovery of this play'. Its early history is still obscure: Collier, who edited the play in 1851, was able to throw no light on it; and Farmer wrote in 1912 that the present Lord Mostyn 'believes the MS. to have come into the possession of his family in 1690, and that it belonged to the Hobart collection'.

The manuscript consists of thirteen folio leaves of hand-made paper. As the watermarks occur on folios 2, 3, 6, 7, 9, 12, it is probable that it was originally composed of seven sheets each folded separately, and that one leaf at the end is now missing. Sir Edward Maunde Thompson considers that 'two or three leaves are probably missing between fol. 12 and the last leaf' (*Transactions of the Bibliographical Society*, xiv. 326); but the text of the play indicates very clearly that nothing is missing between folios 12 and 13. At the foot of folio 12<sup>b</sup> Morton and Pembroke enter to John a Cumber in order to be admitted to the abbey where they are to wed Sydanen and Marian. Through the magic of John a Kent their rivals Griffin and Powesse have, a moment previously, succeeded in getting past Cumber by posing as the real bridegrooms (ll. 1605–17). The first sixteen lines on folio 13<sup>a</sup>—although imperfect—are undoubtedly occupied with a short colloquy between Cumber, Morton, and Pembroke in which Cumber, mistaking their identity, refuses to let them in, saying he has already admitted Morton and Pembroke, whose appearance he thinks they are now counterfeiting in order to trick him. These sixteen lines clearly follow on directly from the bottom of folio 12<sup>b</sup>, and make it quite impossible that two or three leaves could have intervened. The missing folio 14

was most likely blank, but may possibly have contained a list of the *dramatis personae*.

The manuscript has suffered somewhat from damp and ink-corrosion, but this has not been sufficient to make the text difficult to decipher. The most considerable injury from which it has suffered is the loss of slightly more than three-quarters of folio 13, which has been torn in such a manner that on the recto we have only the beginnings of twenty-nine lines and traces of four others, and on the verso only the endings of the lines, the date, and Munday's signature. Otherwise the loss of lines is almost negligible, amounting in all probability to not more than two complete lines (folios 1<sup>b</sup>, 12<sup>b</sup>) and portions of eleven others on folios 1<sup>a</sup>, 1<sup>b</sup>, 3<sup>b</sup>, 6<sup>a</sup>, 6<sup>b</sup>, 7<sup>a</sup>, 7<sup>b</sup>, 10<sup>a</sup>, 10<sup>b</sup>, 12<sup>a</sup>, 12<sup>b</sup>. The edges of every leaf have been broken or torn, so that in some places words or portions of words are lost. The average measurement of the leaves in their present condition is 12½ by 8 inches. Half-way down each leaf there is a crack in the paper extending right across the inner margin. It is at this crack that the last leaf has been mutilated, the tear running diagonally from it towards the top right-hand corner. It is also noticeable that each leaf has been folded vertically down the middle in order to obtain alinement (as is also the case in *Sir Thomas More*)—a not unusual practice: on some leaves it looks as if marginal alinement had been obtained by ruling (e. g. folios 8, 9, 10), but in spite of appearances the probability is that this also is a case of folding.

The manuscript was originally bound in a vellum cover made from pieces of two mediaeval manuscripts. One of these has been identified as the *Compilatio Prima* of Canon Law by Bernard of Pavia, and since portions of the same leaf were also used for the cover of *Sir Thomas More*, it has naturally been assumed that these plays were bound up at the same time (*Transactions*, as above, p. 328). Both covers have had the titles inscribed on them in large engrossing characters, apparently by the same hand: the cover of *John a Kent* is now in good con-



dition, but has evidently been carefully repaired both at top and bottom. The title is considerably clearer than would appear from Farmer's facsimile, and is less worn than the title of the *More* manuscript.

The text of the play is written throughout in the hand of Anthony Munday, and bears his autograph signature at the end. This fact does not itself prove him to have been the only writer concerned in the composition of the piece, but no indication of composite authorship has so far been observed.

At least two if not three different inks have been used in the *Kent* manuscript, and Act I has been written with a thicker pen than was used for the remainder. Munday's ink is darkish brown in colour, verging on yellow in light strokes or when faded. It is some shades lighter than the ink he used in the *More* manuscript.

Certain deletions and stage-directions have been added by another hand in a greyish-black ink. It is possible that the hand of the prompt-directions in the left-hand margins of folios 6<sup>b</sup>, 8<sup>b</sup>, 9<sup>a</sup> may be that of 'C' (the playhouse reviser) of *Sir Thomas More* and the writer of the famous 'plot' of *The Seven Deadly Sins*.

Munday's handwriting is a good specimen of the ordinary English script of the Elizabethan period. It is clear, legible and neat in its general appearance in *John a Kent*, and by no means ungraceful. That it sometimes becomes thick or blotty, as on the first few leaves, would seem the fault of the pen or perhaps of the surface of the paper. The lines are very regularly spaced, and the writing is of even size throughout the play, except where exigencies of space, as in the prose passages, have cramped it a little. The letters are formed carefully, and his 'conscientious' habit of going back and adding a loop to a blind letter, such as *h* or *e*, is noticeable.

It is not possible to add anything to Sir Edward Maunde Thompson's careful and detailed study of Munday's handwriting given in his paper contributed to the Bibliographical Society's Transactions (xiv. 325 ff.); but a short summary of its most

salient characteristics, as seen in this particular manuscript, may be useful. The minuscule letters are fairly constant to the normal English forms: it is noticeable that Munday always used the closed form of *a*, that his *b* is inclined to stand independently, and that he generally keeps to the usual rule of not linking *o* to a following letter. His *h*, *k*, *r*, *t* are the only letters which may be said to show slight personal variations: *h* is the normal English minuscule letter, but when his writing becomes more cursive he inclines to bring the headloop down into the line of writing and to straighten out the curving main limb (see, for instance, plate I, ll. 1, 17, 15, *him*, *other*, *Thomas*, as contrasted with ll. 1, 20, *habit*, *shall*). His *k* is also normally formed, but more carelessly than most of his letters, often appearing very like a modern *b* or his more current form of *t*. The *r* is simply a slurred form of the normal letter, with a slightly rounded or pointed base, resembling a modern *v*. The *t* varies from the normal form to one nearly resembling modern *b*.

Munday's majuscule letters naturally show slightly more variation. *A, B, D, E, L, O, Q, S, V, X, Y, Z* are normally formed, and *F* is written consistently as *ff*. For the remaining letters he tends to use simply a fanciful or an enlarged minuscule (see plate I, l. 2, *H* in *Hugh*). *M* and *N* are written as slightly enlarged minuscules, ending in a curved tail (see plate I, l. 7, *Munkey*; l. 11, *Maister*); frequently, however, he makes no difference at all in the size, so that the tail is the only thing which can be said to distinguish it from his normal minuscule. *W* is only distinguished from the ordinary minuscule by being slightly enlarged, and even so occurs but rarely: the distinction between the minuscule and majuscule forms in the printed text is to some degree arbitrary. Of the remaining capitals *C* (which is of the Italian form) and *I* have very exaggerated head curves, and *K* is definitely abnormal, being in reality an enlarged Italic minuscule. *G, P, R*, and *T* appear in two forms, but are fairly normal in both: *L* and *I* are a great deal less current than in the *More* manuscript.

Scattered throughout the text are examples of what may by courtesy be termed Munday's Italian script: but at best it is only pseudo-Italian, and it is obvious that he had never properly learnt the new style. His use of it in this play is not as consistent as in *Sir Thomas More*, but he employs it fairly frequently for the names of characters, for stage-directions, and for Latin words. In *John a Kent*, of his minuscule letters in would-be Italian words, *c, g, r, t* remain frankly English, *d, e, h, p, s, w, x, y* are of the normal Italian form, and *a, i, l, m, n, o, q, u* are too nearly alike by nature in English and Italian hands to allow of formal distinction. His Italian majuscules are *A, E, O, P, Q, R*; for *H, M, S* he uses the Italian forms, apparently slightly influenced by Roman printing capitals, and his *O* has a down-stroke through it.

The only contractions he uses are a stroke to denote an omitted *m*, as in *cōmaund*, and *w<sup>th</sup>* for *with*. He writes the word *my*, however, as what Sir Maunde Thompson calls 'a curtailed monogram of its two letters'—a personal trick which he has also extended to words ending in *-ny*, where the termination is similarly curtailed.

A possible ambiguity due to handwriting occurs in the word *Ebon* (l. 288). The normal form in Elizabethan English was 'Ebon', and it would be possible to explain Munday's apparent 'Eban' as a case of an extra minim or preliminary stroke to the *n* giving the preceding *o* the appearance of *a*. On the other hand, I have recently come across two printed instances of 'Eban': one in Munday's *Death of Robert Earl of Huntington* (1601, sig. E1; II. i), 'Pitch coloured, Eban fac't, blacker than blacke'; and one in the *Troublesome Reign of King John* (Part I, 1591, sig. C 4<sup>v</sup>, sc. iii), 'Morpheus leaue here thy silent Eban caue'. Apparently, therefore, 'Eban' was recognized as a variant form, and it has been adopted in this text. The *New English Dictionary*, which recognizes the spelling 'eban' from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century, quotes an example of 'Eban stone' from the *Anatomy of Melancholy*

(possibly a different word), and misquotes the *Death* as reading 'ebon-fac'd' (as in Hazlitt's Dodsley).

Munday's punctuation is extremely careful and adequate. From the modern point of view he tends, if anything, to over-punctuate. The trick of placing a colon at the end of the penultimate line of a speech is noticeable in this manuscript as well as in *Sir Thomas More*. His care for punctuation is seen in l. 505, where a question mark has been deleted and a colon inserted, and in his consistent use of commas in giving a string of names in stage-directions.

His spelling is surprisingly regular, and on the whole modern. He consistently uses a doubled medial vowel in words like *looue*, *prooue*, *woorthy*, and *dooth*, a practice also followed in *Sir Thomas More*, and in his later manuscript, *The Heauen of the Mynde*. He uses *u* medially and *v* initially throughout, except in the case of the name Denvyle, which he regularly spells with a *v* (except in a solitary instance, see l. 666).

It has been suggested that there is some connexion between *John a Kent and John a Cumber* and the *Wise Man of West Chester* and *Randal Earl of Chester*. The *Wise Man* was a very successful play performed as a new piece at the Rose early in December 1594, of which the Admiral's men gave over thirty performances between that date and July 1597. *Randal* was a play for which the same company paid Thomas Middleton £6 in the autumn of 1602. (See Henslowe's Diary, folios 10<sup>v</sup>-27<sup>v</sup>, 93<sup>v</sup>, 108.) It is by no means impossible that the *Wise Man* may have been a revision of *John a Kent* and *Randal* a revision of the *Wise Man*, but there is no secure basis for speculation.



# LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

Sir GRIFFIN MERIDDOCK, Prince of South Wales.	The Earl of MORTON, a Scottish nobleman.
Lord GEOFFREY POWIS.	TURNOP,
Sir GOSSELEN DENVILLE.	HUGH, a Sexton,
SIR EVAN GRIFFIN.	THOMAS, a Taberer,
JOHN A KENT, a Welsh magician.	SPURLING,
RANULPH, Earl of CHESTER.	ROBERT,
OSWEN, his son.	WILL, a boy,
AMERY, Lord MORTAIGUE, friend of Oswen.	SHRIMP, John a Kent's boy.
The Countess of CHESTER, wife of Ranulph.	a Servant to Ranulph.
MARIAN, their daughter.	LLWELLEN, Prince of North Wales.
SIDANEN, daughter of Llwellen.	JOHN A CUMBER, a Scottish magician.
The Earl of PEMBROKE, an English nobleman.	The Abbot of CHESTER.
	Servants of Ranulph, followers of Pembroke, Morton, and Llwellen.

The reading 'Mortaigne' is uncertain: it may be 'Mortaigne'. It has previously been supposed that 'young Amery' and 'Lord Mortaigne' in l. 138 were different persons; but the latter is mentioned nowhere else, and there can be little doubt that a single person is intended. One of the Clowns is addressed as Robert at l. 366, but does not speak. At ll. 780, 798, 819, 836 are marked the entries of four 'Antiques', but it is clear from the text that these are really Ranulph, Llwellen, Morton, and Pembroke.









*Oleum*

6.

December. 1890



# The Booke of John A kente John a Primer

NOTE.—The title is written in a large hand at the head of the front page of the vellum wrapper. The block printed above is from a photograph of the original, the defects restored by comparison with *The Book of Sir Thomas More* and *The Plot of the Second Part of the Seven Deadly Sins*. Lower on the page is the scribble of a name, apparently 'V [?] thōmas'.

In the text the words *exit* and *exeunt* are usually written at the end of the rule dividing the speeches; they have been so printed here, but in numbering have been counted as part of the preceding line.

All mutilations are indicated by pointed brackets; where letters are printed within the brackets the remains are insufficient to identify them with certainty apart from the context. Mere traces of letters are indicated by dots within the brackets. Deleted words and letters are printed within square brackets: the deletions may be taken as being by the same hand as the writing unless the contrary is stated in the notes. Additions in other hands are printed in heavy type.

Wherever the reading of the original is in the least obscured or mutilated all variations in Collier's edition have been recorded, however certainly erroneous or conjectural they may be: otherwise no notice has been taken of his readings when they consist of minor differences of spelling, only those possibly affecting the sense being recorded.

Enter Sir Griffin Meriddock of So{ }wales, & Ieffrey{ }ow{

S. Griffin. Powesse, in vayne perswadste thou patience,  
In vayne thou dream'ste of lykely remedies,  
In vayne thou{ e}lst of this or that conceit.  
winde breath{e }woordes, are vayner then the winde,  
Only our we{ }pons must effect our weale.

Powesse As hitherto my Lord I haue entreated,  
So for a whyle, I pray ye be aduisde.

S. Griffin. Aduisde? why what aduise can Powesse yeeld?  
Is not *Sidanen* with the Earles consent,  
and Prince Llwelens graunt, affyed to *Moorton*?

Powesse. yea, so Pembrooke hath their graunt for *Marian*: But.

S. Griffin. But what? Euen while we thus stand wasting idle woordes,  
Pembrook and Moorton shall possesse our looues.  
Our looues exclaime against our cowardise,  
Our cowardise to our eternal shame,  
In England wales & Scotland shall be sung,  
by euery iygging mate, our foes among.

Powesse. Nor English, welshe or Scottish shall reprooue,  
Lord Ieffrey Powesse with base cowardise.  
As much (Prince Griffin) as the proudest dare  
dares Powesse for his *Marians* libertie.  
yet not with rashnes or vnbrideled heat,  
discretion must be vsde, the cause is great.

S. Griffin. Great cause indeed, when fayre *Sidanens* eyes,  
dimde with the sourse of her continuall teares,  
mixing those teares amongst the mournfull ynck,  
That writ the cause of her lament and mine,  
seemes in this paper weeping to intreat:

And then no meruayle though the cause be great / he shewes{  
letter{  
Powesse. But greater cause, our countreyes cause I meane,  
If we should manage {a}rmes, as you still vrge,  
And so by force, from noble Chesters Courte,  
agaynst his will, fetche our well-willing looues;



- we may be held as traytours to the King,  
that durst inuade his townes in time of peace.
- S. Griffin. To see how Powesse casts beyond the Moone,  
As if the King would deale in these affayres.  
Or if he did, ist like his Maiestie,  
would suffer fathers by compelling awe :  
to force their children from their soules affect ?
- Powesse. But if his highnesse subiects should be slayne,  
as in rough rescue it must needes fall out,  
he will not haue the meanest guiltlesse dye :  
but blood for blood shall duely be repayde.
- S. Griffin. Then Powesse, least such daunger should betyde :  
you are content the Ladyes shall be lost ?
- Powesse. Not so Prince Griffin, then I would haue stayd,  
and not haue come so neere to Chesters Courte.
- S. Griffin. Bir Lady Sir, and we are much the neere.  
we two belyke, by your complotting wit,  
shall front the Earle of Chester in his Courte,  
And spight of Chesters strong inhabitants,  
Thorow west chester, meekely in our handes,  
lead my Sidanen and your Marian,  
while bothe our Riualles, and their following trayne,  
Sheeplyke stand shiuering at our wrathfull lookes.  
Beshrewe me, but ye haue a passing head,  
All natrall are your reasons, full of sence.
- Powesse. If we obtayne them, youle leaue iesting t(h)en
- S. Griffin yea that I will. But can ye tell me whe( ) ?
- Enter S<sup>r</sup>. Gosselin denvyle, S<sup>r</sup>. Euan Griff( ), and I(o)
- Gosselen what < . . . . .

1 Actus I. Scena I. Collier. 2 So( )wales, & Jeffrey( )ow( ) South Wales, and Jeffrey Powesse. C. 5 e( )st( ) telst C. 6 breath(e )] breathed C. 7 we( )pons] weapons C. 8 entreatred,] sic for entreated, which Collier reads. 19 mate] a dirt mark in the manuscript makes the t closely resemble a k in the facsimile. 30 shewes( ) shewes a C. 33 manage] mana has been gone over in darker ink, and the n possibly altered from m 57 trayne,] traynes, C. 59 ye] you C. 63 Griff( ), and I(o) Griffin, and John. C. 64 Illegible traces of the first half alone remain ; the rest is wanting.

- }ord (        )haue company,  
 t}rust will purge your melancholly.
- ) welcom( ) Gentlemen, you seeme no lesse,  
 be not offended at my salutations,  
 that bid ye stand, before I say God speed.  
 ffor in playne tearmes, speed what your speed may be, 70  
 Such coyne you haue, bothe must and shall with me.
- S. Griffin. How now Lord Ieffrey? what companion haue we heere?  
 he seemes some theefe.
- Iohn. No theefe Sir, but an honest bon companion.  
 Nere drawe your weapons, rather trust your feete,  
 And yet ye cannot hence, but at my pleasure.  
 what needes all this? yeeld, if I bid ye yeeld.
- Powesse. Thou shouldst be Iohn a Kent, thou art so peremptorie,  
 for Iohn a Kent is a bolde merry knaue.
- Iohn Tis happie then he is no very knaue. 80  
 I am the man, what say ye to Iohn a Kent?
- Powesse I am Ieffrey Lord Powesse, thy maisters freend,  
 And this S<sup>r</sup>. Griffin Meriddock, Prince of Southwales.
- Iohn. why then I knowe ye bothe, and welcome bothe,  
 M<sup>r</sup>. these are the guests you looke for, whom had I not well gest at,  
 they had for welcome got a cudgelling.
- Gosselen. welcome my Lord; and welcome noble Prince.
- Powesse. Thankes good S<sup>r</sup>. Gosselen denvyle, and S<sup>r</sup>. Euan Griffin,  
 I trust the men you promisde me are readie.
- Gosselen. ffor my parte, seuen score bowemen, wight and tall, 90  
 haue I lodgde in the woode, nere to the riuer of dee.
- Euan. And I threescore as strong, with hookes and billes,  
 that to three hundred will not turne their backs.
- Powesse. But can ye tell vs any newes from Chester?
- Iohn. Colde newes for you my Lordes, there is at Chester,  
 The Earle of Pembroke, and the Scottish Moorton,  
 the one shall haue Llwellens fayre *Sidanen*,  
 the other Marian, good olde Chesters daughter.  
 and bothe these weddings finished to morrowe.
- ) Griffin. No more of that my freend, thou sleyst me w<sup>th</sup> these newe( ). 100  
 hearst thou this Powesse? this did I foredoome:

now all your wise deuises come too late.

>Gosselen Content ye good my Lord, no whit too late,  
 heere is a lad on whom we doo relye,  
 for slye conueyaunce of the Ladyes hither,  
 full of conceit he is, and deeply seene,  
 (>i)n secret artes, to woork for your auayle.

). Griffin Canst thou my freend, from foorth the vaultes beneath,  
 call vp the ghostes of those long since deceast?  
 Or from the vpper region of the ayre :  
 fetche swift wingde spirits to effect thy will ?

Iohn. Can you my Lord, and you, and you, and you,  
 goe to the venson, for your suppers drest :  
 and afterward goe lay ye downe to rest ?

Powesse how then sweet Iohn ? all this thou knowest we can,  
 and what thou canst we haue no doubt at all :  
 but what thou wilt, that gladly would we learne.

Iohn. I will to morrow bring you Marian,  
 and you Prince Griffin your beloou'de Sidanen.  
 will this content ye ?

S. Griffin As all the world cannot content me more.

Iohn. why then I pray ye be content to goe,  
 And frolick cheerely, for it shall be so

Gosselen. I warrant ye my Lords, come let vs in.

I( >hn. So, they must banquet, I vnto my busines. *exeunt.*  
 But let me muse a little on this looue,  
 full of many feares, so sundry ioyes,  
 now hence, now hither diuersly distract,  
 < . . . . . >

110

120

65 There are traces of an *f* or *s* above the *p* of *purge* in the line below. Collier reads  
 \* \* \* *shall have company.* 67-71 John a Kent speaking. 85 *at*] omitted by Collier.  
 91 *of*] omitted by Collier. 127 ? read *of so many* 128 Collier reads *Now peace, now*  
*plagued, diuersly distract.* 129 Traces are visible throughout but are indecipherable,  
 although the latter part of the line is not actually mutilated.

But Iohn a Kent what talkest thou  
 rather minde thou the pleasing ioyes(        )e.  
 And since so good a subiect they present,  
 vppon these loouers practise thou thy wit.  
 help, hinder, giue, take back, turne, ouerturne,  
 deceiue, bestowe, breed pleasure, discontent.  
 yet comickly conclude, like Iohn a Kent.

— *exit.*

Enter at one doore *Ranulphe* Earle of Chester, *Oswen* his son(n  
 young *Amery* Lord *Mortaigue*, w<sup>th</sup> them the Countesse, her daught  
 Marian, and fayre *Sidanen*. At another doore enter the Earles (   
*Pembroke*, *Moorton* and their trayne.

Moorton. All health be to the noble Earle of Chester,  
 his Countesse and these honorable Ladyes,  
 whom one by one I humbly gratulate,  
 wishing to them their happy hartes content.  
 Pemb. The Lyke dooth *Pembroke* to this goodly trayne.  
 Chester. Earle *Moorton*, and my noble Lord of *Pembroke*,  
 whose presence bringes contentment to my soule  
 and adds true honor to your noble names:  
 for hauing kept your vowes inuiolate,  
 how you are welcome, woordes shall not explaine,  
 but such as best beseemes your entertaine.  
 \* And sith it is our auncient Englishe guyse,  
 the Bridegroomes should vppon the wedding day,  
 come from some distant place to fetch the Brydes,  
 my house at [*S ey*] *Plessye* is for you preparte.  
 Thence to the Castell shall [ye] you walke along  
 And at S<sup>t</sup> Iohns shall be sollemnized,  
 the nuptialles of your honors, and these virgens.  
 ffor to that Church, *Edgar*, once Englands King,  
 was by eight Kinges, conquerd by him in warres:  
 rowed royally on S<sup>t</sup>. Iohn Baptist day.  
 In memory of which pompe, the Earles our auncestours,  
 haue to that Church beene noble benefactours.  
 Moorton Eight Kings rowe one? that was great pompe indeed.

152  
 155  
 140  
 your father Madame, will be heere this night,  
 Or early in the morning, well I wot,  
 ffor such prouision hath he sent before,  
 as shewes him selfe will not be farre behinde.  
 151  
 156  
 160

\*



Pemb. One of them was of Scotland, as I read,  
the Irishe, and the dane two more besyde,  
and fwe of Brittainye, all subdued by him. 170  
To see that Church will greatly ioy my minde,  
because I there a greater ioy shall fynde.

Moorton. why lookes *Sidanen* sad? why sighes she so?  
*Sidanen* Pardon my Lord, such thinges you may not knowe.

Moorton She not mislykes her choyse I hope of me.

*Sidanen* No God forbid. although you are not he. / asyde.

Moorton. why then looke cheerly, as *Sidanen* should,  
*Sidanen* I doo my Lord. And better if I could. asyde.

Pemb. Madame, the Scottish Lord hath got a gracious looke,  
but Pembroke is not halfe so happy yet. 180

*Oswen*. Sister, you wrong the noble Earle with frownes  
*Amery* My Lord content ye, women fayne dislyke,  
where their affections beare the highest regard.

Marian You are too young my Lord, to iudge so soundly,  
*Amery* I finde it writ by them that iudge profoundly

Marian Bookes may beguyle ye.

*Oswen*. My Lord, that cut came roundly.

Pemb. Your sadnes tell, if I may knowe the cause,  
Marian. Me thinks my Lord the custome is too hard, 190  
when louers meet, so suddenly to parte,

Pemb. To morrowes ioy will end that bitter smart,  
Marian To see ye no more, how would it ease my hart? /asyde

Chester well noble Lodes, for this time break we of,  
Sonne and Lord *Amery*, you will be their guyde.

*Oswen*. yea my good Lord, then goe we Gentlemen.

*exeunt*. Countesse *Sida* & (Ma

130 *talkest*] initial *t* resembles *c* probably through damage; and the end of the line is torn. Collier reads *But John a Kent wo'nt leese them*: \* \* adding note: 'Will not *lose* them. In many parts of England gleaning is called *leesing*; perhaps collecting what the men employed in cutting the corn *lose*.' 131 *ioyes* [ye.] *joyes of loove*, C. The end of the line is now torn, but the tail of an *f* or *s* is visible. 137 *Act 1, Scene ii*. 138 *Mortaigue*,] *u* may equally well be read *n*. 159 *Plessye*] interlined above a deleted word now illegible except for initial *S*, final *-ey* and a tall letter in the middle. There seems little doubt that the word was *Saltney*, the name of a small village a few miles from Chester. 184 *higest*] sic. *highest* C. 196 Collier gives stage-direction as '*Exeunt, Manent Sidanen, etc.*' The final *Ma* is very faint in the facsimile, and the *a* is now illegible in the manuscript. Cf. l. 1602.

)d Cossen, now we are alone,  
 )Let ( )treat to knowe the secret cause,  
 that mooues these passions more then ouerpensiue,  
 which were not wunt in you to woorke such chaunge.  
 If in my power to counsell, or preuent,  
 there rest a meane, let me but knowe your mindes,  
 and what I may shall surely be effected,  
 to either of your longing harts, content.

200

*Sydanan.* Madame, your tender care and kinde affect,  
 assures *Sidanen* of your honors faith.  
 In breefe my noble Aunte, this is the cause,  
 why poore *Sydanan* is disconsolate,  
 That she must leaue her countrey and her kinne,  
 and passe to Scotland with the Earle of Moorton.

210

Countesse Cossen, his kindnesse soone will calme this greefe,  
 and therfore cast these cares behinde thy back.  
 Enter But what olde man is this comes toward vs?

Enter Iohn a Kent like an aged Hermit  
 Iohn. Ladyes, if crooked age, and homely weedes,  
 breed not contempt, vouchsafe I humbly pray,  
 your charitable comfort to sustayne,  
 a little longer these spent withred limbes,  
 that numbde through chilnesse of my frost-bit blood,  
 which six score winters hath resisted stormes,  
 and iust so many times the summers heate.  
 Now quaking lyke the winde-blown bough for strength,  
 witnesse that all thinges yeeld to time at length.

220

Countesse. how much I greeue that these thy siluer hayres,  
 should in extreamest age feele taste of want,  
 And this thy furrowed face, with teares distaynd,  
 shall well appeare: ffor thou shalt in w<sup>th</sup> vs.  
 These feeble limbes with age so ouerworne,  
 shall fynde repose, and not be left forlorne.

Marian. ffather, receiue this little gifte of me.

230

*Sydanan.* And heere olde man, take this to comfort thee. } giue him somewha(t

Iohn. As [may] many blessings light vppon you three,  
 as cares and crosses haue befallne to me.

But much I feare, if arte may iudge aright  
some ill is toward these twayne this present night.

Sydanen what sayst thou father? art thou a man of skill?

Iohn. Lady, in youth I studyed hidden artes,  
and proffited in Chiromancye much,  
If sight be not obscurde through natures weaknesse,  
I can, for once I could discourse by fauour, 240  
and rules of palmistrie ensuing chaunces.

Marian Good ffather tell my fortune if thou canst.

Sydanen Nay mine I pray thee first, I askte thee first.

Iohn. Striue not fayre Ladyes, shewe me bothe your handes / he sees their  
for your complexions seeme to be alyke. handes  
Nay let me see, bothe your affections are alyke.  
Blush not, but tell me, are ye not bothe betrothde,  
to two great Lordes, without your parents knowledge?

Countesse They are betrothde indeed, but with their parents knowledge,  
and bothe to morrow must be maryed. 250

Iohn. Now God forbid, woes me to thinke thereon.

Countesse. why father? I pray thee speake

Iohn. Good Madame pardon me, let me be gon,  
and leaue the God of heauen to woorke his will / he offers to  
depart

Sydanen Nay stay good father, I pray thee tell the wurst.

Marian My hart dooth throb, sweet father then resolute vs.

Iohn Sith you compell me Ladyes, I will speak,  
and what I say, beleue it on your liues.  
If ere the Sun to morrowe cheere the earth,

197 *d Cossen*,] Countesse [*My gentle*] *Cossen*, C. The beginning of the line is torn, but the first letter now visible is more probably *d* than *e* 198 *Let* ( *treat*) *Let me entreat* C.  
209 *she*] *s* has been altered, apparently from *l* 212 *Enter*] added, probably in another hand, but in the same coloured ink. 230 S.D. *somewha[t]* *some mony*. C. 232 Probably Munday wrote *may*, the *y* being his 'monogram' for *ny*, and then realized that it was indistinguishable from the actual word *may*, and so rewrote it. 259 Collier reads *If ere thou \* \* sorrowe cheere the harts* and wrongly allows for a missing line.

you washe not at Saint winifrides fayre spring,  
 your lilly handes, and list the holy voyce,  
 which will resolute ye of your looues sweet choyse :  
 I may not say what shall ye bothe betyde,  
 but harder fortune nere befell fayre Bryde.

Countesse. Alas the spring is three myles hence at least  
and now thou seest the night approacheth on

Iohn. Let not the distaunce hinder them to goe,  
least they and you wishe that ye had doone so.

Countesse. ffather, I haue some reason to beleue thee,  
by what I must keep secret to my selfe,  
And but my Lord condemnes these auncient rules,  
religiously obserued in these partes :  
I would craue leaue for them to trauell thither,  
for many haue misdoone that did it not.

270

*Sydanen* rather then hard mishap should vs befall,  
twere good we were acquainted therewithall.

Marian. Good mother, this fayre euening let vs goe,  
weele come agayne before my father knowe.

Countesse well, goe ye shall, and I along with ye,  
had we some trusty freend to be our guyde.

280

Iohn Ladyes, although my limbes be not so strong,  
my bones neere marrowlesse, bloodlesse my veynes :  
yet vse hath made me perfect in the way.  
And if your honors deigne so olde a guyde :  
So speed my soule as shall to you betyde.

Countesse. None better. But what houre of night is best ?

Iohn. when twise two houres the daughters of the night,  
haue driuen their Eban chariot thorow the ayre,  
and with their duskie winges breathde calme rest,  
vppon the eyeliddes of eche liuing thing :  
The siluer shyning horned lamp dooth rise,  
by whose cleere light we may discerne the pathe,  
wherin though lamely now I seeme to plod  
yet will I guyde ye safely to the spring.  
And for your cōing at the back gate wayte,

290



till when Gods benison protect ye all.  
 Cou( )tesse. well father, we will come, vppon mine honor.  
*Sydanen.* The houre is one at midnight, fayle vs not.  
 Iohn ffayle ye? infaith that were a sillie iest, *excunt.* he pulles (   
 Our sporte would fayle, if I should fayle mine houre / his beard (   
 But husht, heere comes my hotspurre, & Lord Powesse  
 Enter Sr. Griffin, and Lord Powesse. 302  
 S. Griffin. See Powesse, heers Iohn a Kent, dect in a Pilgrimes weede  
 Powesse. why how now Iohn? turnd greene to ffryers gray?  
 Iohn what madnes makes ye come so farre this way?  
 The town's beset, our purpose is descryde  
 and now I see your cōming made all spyde.  
 S. Griffin help vs to scape vnto thy maisters caue.  
 yet ere we goe, tell me, sawest thou *Sydanen*  
 Iohn. I sawe her: but you shall neuer see her more. 310  
 S. Griffin. why so sweet Iohn? what? is *Sydanen* dead?  
 Iohn No.  
 S. Griffin Is she fled?  
 Iohn No.  
 S. Griffin Is Moorton and *Sydanen* maryed?  
 Iohn. Neither.  
 S. Griffin. wherefore then shall not I agayne beholde her?  
 Iohn. Because your honor is too full of heate,  
 and by your rashnes will discouer all,  
 wherefore shift as ye can, for I will leaue ye. 320  
 Powesse. Nay I pray thee Iohn, tell vs the trueth of all.  
 Iohn. The troth is, if ye meane to meete the Ladyes

288 *Eban*] possibly *Ebon*, but see Introduction, p. ix.  
 from e 303 See Powesse,] Lord Powesse, C.  
 322 meete] have C.

300 would] *d* altered, apparently  
 308 vnto] *v* altered, possibly from *u*

) B( )lde, and goe along where I shall lead ye,  
 And as I shall appoynt, so followe my directions.  
 S. Griffin But will they come?  
 Iohn They will, if you will goe.  
 S. Griffin. But how?  
 Iohn. why on their feet, I knowe no other way.  
 S. Griffin. But when?  
 Iohn. Nay then we shall be troubled, when? how? where?  
 Powesse. I pray thee tell vs Iohn without delay.  
 Iohn. Content ye Lordes, Ile tell ye on the way, come let vs goe.  
 St. Griffin Iohn, Ile renowne thee, if it fall out so.

330

*exeunt.*

Enter Turnop w<sup>th</sup> his crewe of Clownes, & a Minstrell.  
 Turnop. Nay neuer talke of it, Hugh the Sexten stutters, let him read  
 the first lyne, or see if he can say the speche, that dawes our  
 Churchwarden made in prayse of his Mill horsse.  
 Hugh It makes no matter, I think my selfe the wisest because I am  
 Sexten, and being Sexten, I will say the speche I made  
 my selfe.  
 Tom tabrer heare ye Hugh, be not so forward, take a little vise of your minstrell.  
 Omnes. And well sayd Thomas Tabrer, you haue scression, speak on.  
 Tom. One of the wisest of vs must speak, and either [he] it must be Hugh or  
 Turnop. Now, Hugh is Sexten, an office of retoritie I tell ye.  
 Turnop. yea, thats when he is in the Belfrie, not else.  
 Omnes. Hugh Hugh, Hugh shall speak the speache to the Lordes.  
 Tom. But Turnop beeing my Lordes man, his hogheard, his famili=  
 aritie seruauant, he in my minde is not only fit, but also accessary  
 for the ration making, then Turnop say I.  
 Omnes. Turnop, Turnop, weele haue none but Turnop.  
 Turnop. well, for your wisdomes, in chusing me, I rest quoniam dig  
 nitatis vestrum primarion, as the Poet Pediculus sayth, at  
 the next vestrie, bound to deferre ye to seuerall locall places.  
 Spurling. how now Hugh? are ye put downe infaiht?  
 Hugh. Thats because he has a little more learning, an(d) has borrowe(  
 the vshers olde coat to grace him selfe withall  
 Tom O, take heed of learning while ye liue, it is a gandy matter.  
 Turnop. ffrater meum amantissime *Hugo* the Belringer, the hebrew(

340

350

epitheton Barra cans, as much to say, no man can barre his  
 chaunce, perswadeth you to remit, or submit or admit your  
 selfe, to the crye of your bretheren. How say ye then fellow mates  
 in armes, in this our showe, who shalbe the speaker ? 362

Omnes. Turnop Turnop, wee haue none but Turnop.

Turnop. Then let vs set forward, for now it is vppon the Lordes co-  
 ming. Thomas, firke it with your fiddle. Spurling, you play  
 the Moore, vaunce vp your Tun, and Robert, holde your por-  
 renger right, least you spill the conceit, for heere they come.

Enter Pembroke, Moorton, Oswen, *Amery*, to them this crew  
 marching, one drest lik a Moore, w<sup>th</sup> a Tun painted with  
 yellow oker, another with a Porrenger full of water an  
 a pen in it, Turnop speaketh the Oration. 371

Turnop. Lyke to the Cedar in the loftie Sea,  
 or milke white mast vppon the humble mount :  
 So hearing that your honors came this way,  
 Of our rare wittes we came to giue account.  
 ffor when as princes passe through pettie townes  
 they must be welcomd, least they tearme vs clownes.  
 Our presents precious, first the golden Tunne,  
 borne by that monstrous Murrian black a Moore,  
 Mortonus Earlus in thy prayse is doone. 380  
 This shining brook hemd in with this fierce shoare  
 That hath <

323 B( *Idem*) Be bolde C. 325-33 The alinement of the speakers' names is very  
 irregular. 334 Act I, Scene iii. 343 it] interlined above deletion. 352 sayth,  
 at] sayth, and C. 357 gaudly] or gaudly perhaps for godly or goodly. goodly C.  
 359 much to] much as to C. 359-60 his chaunce, perswadeth] him. Chaunce perswadeth C.  
 361 mates] men C. 381 shining] flowing C. fierce] tierce C.

Is peerelesse Penbrook, if I roue not <w>y d<e  
 As for the two last rymes, right woorshipfull, <an>d m<  
 wise, by the error of the Authour ouerslipped, is th<  
 mothie Turnop the Oratour newly corrected, to wit<  
 This princely pen vp prauncing by the sydes,  
 And so we wishe ye bothe two blessed brydes.

*Oswen.* My Lordes, my fathers tennants after their homely guise,  
 welcome ye with their countrey merriment,  
 How bad so ere, yet must ye needes accept it.

390

*Pemb.* Else Oswen were we very much to blame,  
 thanks gentle freendes, heere drinke this for my sake

*Moorton.* And this [of] for me, cōmending your great paynes,  
 which in more liberall sorte we will requite.

*Amery* May it please ye Lordes to walk into the Castell  
 and there at full weele see their other sportes.

*Pemb.* with all my hart, goe, we will followe ye.

*Turnop.* Before you goe, in name of all this trayne ————— *exeunt* Lordes.

Turnop accepts your golde, and thanks you for your payne.  
 Thomas, lead the vawward with your easement, you with  
 our hiperbolicall deuises, martche in the midst. And if the<  
 Lordes will see vs make them merry, ere we will want deuise<e  
 weele make them weary, marche on.

400

————— *exeunt.*  
*Actus secundus. Scena Prima.*

Enter at one doore Iohn a Kent, hermit lyke, as before, at anoth<e  
 enter the Countesse, *Sydanen* and *Marian*

*Iohn.* Promise is kept, the Laydes are come foorth,  
 the ambush readie that shall soone surprize them.  
 See Madame; I am readie to attend ye.

410

*Countesse.* Gramercyes father, lead thou on the way,  
 and giue good counsell to my sweet young Cossen. / *Sydanen* & h<

*Iohn.* Madame I warrant ye sheele take none bad. / conferre.

*Marian.* Or good or bad, she taketh all from me.  
 Madame, would you vouchsafe me so much fauour :  
 as she, so I would gladly talke w<sup>th</sup> him.

*Cou<tesse.* Let them alone, ye shall haue time enough.

*Sydan<en.* Nay forward father, let me heare the rest.

*Iohn.* Then Madame, to omit all ambages,



420

I knowe it, for mine Arte assureth me,  
 you are contracted to the South wales Prince :  
 and wronging him, you wrong your selfe much more.

*Sydanen.* ffor Gods sake softly, least the Countesse heare.  
 True hast thou sayd, but by my fathers graunt,  
 The Earle of Moorton must *Sydanen* wed.

*Iohn.* Thats as *Sydanen* will, as I suppose

*Sydanen* will I, or nill I, all is one to him,  
 he is a Prince, and he hath promide it.

*Iohn.* you are a Princesse, and haue promide no.

*Sydanen.* Earle Moorton with my father is in fauour,  
 and hath his woord, that I shalbe his wife. 430

*Iohn.* But hath he yours ?

*Sydanen.* Neuer in all my Life.

*Iohn.* I knowe not Lady how the world is chaungde.  
 when I was young they wooed the daughter first,  
 and then the father, when they had her graunt,  
 which could they get, why so, if not, why then,  
 her woord was woorth the meeting where and when.

*Countesse* why how now daughter ? why drawe you so neere ?

*Marian.* She talkes too long, and somewhat would I heare. 440

*Countesse* Byde you with me, till she haue made an end

*Marian.* Pray God this talke to our desyre may tend.

*Iohn.* But would you goe with him, if he were heere ?

*Sydanen* would I desyre to be accounted chaste ?  
 reuerenst for virtue, as for natrall giftes ?

383 *if I roue not* (w)yd(e) *that I have not* \* \* C.      384 (an)d m(] *and not other-* C.  
 385 *th(]* *thus by Ti* C.      387 *princely]* *nce* almost obliterated by a blot.      394 *for]*  
 interlined above deletion.      405 At this point the character of the writing changes somewhat,  
 owing to the use of a finer pen.      445 *natrall]* *naturall* C.

wou( d) I aske strength for these my feeble limbes,  
 if some fierce Tiger had me in pursuite?  
 would I shun feare? would I require content?  
 or wishe the endlesse happines of heauen?  
 If these I would, then that as much I would.  
 for what is fame, health, ioy, or ought to me,  
 except with him that giues them all to me?

450

Iohn.

*Sydanen.*

Madame enough, is Marian of your minde?  
 yea father. She to Powesse, I to Prince Griffin writ,  
 but when no answere either could receiue,  
 resolutely thus we set downe our rest.  
 To morrowe when the nuptiall feast is past,  
 And that the Bridegroomes doo expect their Brydes:  
 A strong confection bothe we haue preparde,  
 of deadly *Aconite* w<sup>th</sup> them to drinke.

460

Besydes, a letter drawen, to shewe the cause,  
 why so reuendgefully we sought their deathes,  
 and so despairingly lost our owne liues.  
 This made vs bothe holde thee in such regarde,  
 when thou foretoldste of daungers to ensue.

Iohn.

This resolution dooth renowne ye bothe,  
 but your fayre starres affoordes ye better fortune.  
 And for my woordes may yeeld but dallying hope,  
 see what is doone in twinckling of an eye.

/ winde his horn(

Enter denvyale, Griff.  
 Powesse, [Euan,] and  
 trayne

Those Lordes for whom you twayne would loose your liues,  
 Come boldly heere [come] to challendge their faire wiues.

470

Madame dismay not, heere no harme is meant,  
 Bothe they and you, welcome to Iohn a Kent.

/ he puts of his  
disguyse.

Countesse.

vilde Sorcerer, hast thou betrayde vs thus?  
 hydyng thy treason with so good pretence?  
 Prince Griffin, and Lord Powesse, be assurde,  
 If otherwise then nobly you intreate,  
 My princely Cossen, and my noble childe;  
 it will be wreakte on your presuming heades.

Iohn.

you wrong them Madame, if you misconceite,  
 that you or they shall be vnnobly vsde.  
 you are brought hither to no other end,

480

- but that their hauiour [shall] you might all cōmend.  
 Aske but the Laydes, if they will departe,  
 Ile bring ye where I had ye, yea, w<sup>th</sup> all my hart.
- Countesse. Then goe sweete Cossen, daughter, let vs hence,  
 for feare wursse happen on this foule offence.
- S. Griffin. The wurst is past, let happen now what shall,  
 Ile keep *Sidanen*, or loose life and all.
- Sydanen*. And if *Sydanen* willingly departe, 490  
 from her prince Griffin, ioy nere haue her hart.
- Powesse. I hope my Marian is of selfe same minde,  
 Marian. Else were thy looue requited too vnkinde.  
 Now mother, would you were at home agayne,  
 we bothe are where we wisht our selues full fayne.
- Countesse. Then questionlesse, this hapte by your consent,  
 And well I wot, these noble Gentlemen,  
 Are honored in your hartes before the other,  
 Sith your endeouours then so happy prooue.  
 Neuer let me be hinderer of true looue. 500
- Iohn. Madame, now speake ye lyke a loouing mother,  
 And lyke *Sydanens* honorable Aunte.  
 Oppose this question, and be iudge your selfe,  
 Say you were troth plight where you lyked best,  
 could ye infaith so great a wrong digest: [?]  
 As but for me had happened to these Ladyes?  
 In to the Castell then, and frollique there  
 And what should haue beene doone, to these sweetes sorrowe,  
 shall to their ioy be finishte heere to morrowe.
- Gosselen. Come Madame, fauour me to be your guyde, 510  
 you shall finde all thinges heere to your content.  
 And though my Lorde the Earle holde off aloofe,  
 and may dislyke what we doo for his honor:  
 Be you but pleasde, weele neuer seeke no other,  
 for though we w( ) the father yet we haue the m(

469 S.D. *winde his*] *windeth* C. The *i* of *his* is almost obliterated by a blot. 504 *lyked*] *lyke* C. 505 *ye*] *you* C. a] interlined above caret mark. Query mark deleted and colon inserted. 515 Collier reads *For though we want [the sire] we haue the mother.*

*Sydanen.* Let it be so good Aunte, and I shall praye,  
ffor this good walke, you may liue many a day.

*Iohn.* These speeches are in vayne, I pray ye be gon,  
and entertayne them, as this kindnes merits.  
Leaue me awhyle, to gratulate your feast,  
with some rare merriment, or pleasing iest.  
will ye be gon? ye doo the Ladyes wrong,  
heere in the ayre to chat w<sup>th</sup> them so long.

520

*S. Griffin.* Come sweet *Sydanen* I will be thy guyde,  
Moorton shall looke him now another Bryde.

*Powesse.* And so shall Pembrooke, now I am posset  
Of Marian, whom I euer looued best —*exeunt*—manet Iohn.

*Iohn.* Heer's looue and looue, Good Lord, was nere the lyke,  
but must these ioyes so quickly be concluded?  
Must the first Scene make absolute a play?  
no crosse? no chaunge? what? no varietie?  
One brunt is past, alas, whats that in looue?  
where firme affection is moste truely knit,  
the looue is sweetest, that moste tryes the wit.  
And by my troth, to sporte my selfe awhyle,  
The disappoynted Brydegroomes, these possesst,  
the fathers, freendes, and other more besyde,  
that may be vsde to furnishe vp conceite,  
Ile set on woorke in such an amorous warre,  
as they shall wunder whence ensues this iarre.  
O that I had some other lyke my selfe,  
to driue me to sound pollicyes indeed.  
Thers one in Scotland, tearmed Iohn a Cumber,  
that ouerreachte the deuill by his skill,  
had Moorton brought him to haue sped his looue,  
I would haue tryde which should the maister prooue.  
But since my selfe must pastime w<sup>th</sup> my selfe,  
Ile anger them, bee't but to please my selfe.  
Sirra Shrimpe.

530

540

*Shrimp.* Anon Sir, what is your will w<sup>th</sup> me?

—Enter Shrimp a boy.

*Iohn.* Thus Sirra. To Chester get ye gon,  
They are yet asleep, that shall be wakte anon.

550

/ round in his eare

*Shrimp.* I goe sir.

will the boy,

—*exeunt* seuerally.

*Tom.* Enter Turnop, Hugh, Tom Tabrer, <sup>^</sup> and Spurling w<sup>th</sup> their Consort  
Nay either let it be as M<sup>r</sup>. Turnop will haue, or by my troth, faire and f<sup>l</sup>  
I will goe no further, either let vs haue credit or no credit



- Hugh. You haue sayd as much as be sayd neighbour Thomas, and that not (. . . learnedly, but loouingly withall. Maister Turnop, the Lordes we\ pontiffically pleased with your roration yesterday, that the Ladyes p\ morrow remayneth altogether at your disposition. 56
- Turnop. why then thus my muse hath magestically, or minstricallically written (. . in prayse of fayre *Sydanen*, and she beeing appoynted to be maryed this (. . y she ought to haue the maydenhead of my muse, before she loose the benef\ abselutidico, as much to say in welsh or english, as her rose mary braunche.
- Spurling. But has will leard it perfectly? I tell you, she is a Lady of some (\ scression, and lookes that the song of *Sydanen* should be well performd(\
- Turnop. Goodman Spurling, though you be spurblinde, and therby are faouored for the grosse errors comitted in your vocation; yet I pray ye, comit your selfe to your musique, as for the song, let it passe vpon my preroga-( striue, w<sup>th</sup> this addition, *He mihi quod domino, non licet ire tuo* 57
- Tom. when then tune all, for it drawes toward day; and if we wake not the they play, the boy sings the welsh song. Brydes, why then it is woorth nothing.
- Turnop. To add one good morrowe more to your bed sydes, Timothie Turnop bids, Good morrow bothe the Brydes. Now to the Brydegroomes, and then my harts looke for a largesse
- Enter Shrimpe the boy
- Shrimpe. why now is Shrimpe in the height of his brauery, that he may execute some parte of his maisters knauery. Sound foorth your musique to the Brydegroomes sorrowe, for I will sing them but a sower good morrowe. 58
- a Song of the Brydes losse. They play, and the boy singes, wheart the Bridegroomes come foorth in their nightgownes and kerchers on their heades, to them *Oswen\ Amery* making them selues ready.
- Moorton what song is this, to flout me to my face? is fayre *Sydanen* gon, and left me in disgrace?
- Pemb. Peazants, what meane ye to delude vs so? Is Marian and *Sydanen* gon, say yea, or no?
- Shrimpe. Are ye so hot? chafe ye so suddenly? Nay pause awhile, Ile fetch ye company. exit
- Turnop. why my Lordes, doo ye aske vs if the Ladyes be gon or no? If they be not in their beddes it is more then we knowe. 59

517 good] g begun like p. 519 this] their C. 522 ye be] you be C. 536 possesst,]  
 final e altered to t 544 ouerreachte] overwachtte C. 551 ye] you C. 554 Act II,  
 Scene ii. 555 and f\] and softly, C. 558 Lordes we\] Lordes were so C.  
 559 yesterday,] Collier omits. 566 performd] there is a trace after the d which might be  
 either an e or a full stop. 567 spurblinde,] purblinde, C. 569-70 prerogastridue,]  
 prerogastride, C. 571 tune] un has five minims. day;] d altered, apparently from t  
 572 Brydes,] bryde, C. 581 S.D. a] Collier omits. wheart] sic. whearat C. 582 kerchers]  
 breeches C. 587 Sydanen] a altered, apparently from g

illa)yne thou lyeſt, thou ſungſt a ſong of ſorrowe.

FOL. 5<sup>b</sup>

Turnop. my Lord you lye, we playd ye but a good morrowe.  
And ſeeing for our good willes, ye doo vs this wrong :  
Lets to the Brydes, to haue mony for our ſong.

Heere enter *Amery*  
& *Oswen* vnbraſte.

*Oswen* How now my Lordes, what ſudden noyſe is this ?  
*Pemb.* Is fayre *Sydanen* and my Siſter fled ?

[*Powesse.*] Theſe wretches that ſo ſung, doo now deny it.

Turnop. Lets talke a woord or two awhyle, I pray ye be quiet.  
did ye not yeſternight diſturb your head,  
w<sup>th</sup> winum vinum ere ye went to bed ?  
That makes ye in your ſleep to riſe and walke,  
or at the leaſt, thus idiot lyke to talke ?

600

Enter the Earle of Cheſter in his night gowne, and  
Shrimpe following aloofe of, ſome ſeruaunts w<sup>th</sup> him.

Cheſter. Can their departure be to all vnknown ?  
Villaynes why ſpeake ye not ? did no one ſee them ?

[i. Seruaunt.] Not any one my Lord that we can heare of.  
Belyke they went forth at the garden gate,  
we found it open, therfore we ſuſpect it.

610

*Oswen.* My Lord and father, are you vp ſo ſoone ?  
where is my Siſter ? where is fayre *Sydanen* ?

Cheſter. Nay, wher's thy mother boy, aſke that withall,  
for ſhe, thy Siſter, and my louely Niece,  
this night are gon, and no one can tell whether.  
As I lay ſlumbering, well neere halfe awake,  
vnder my windowe did I heare a voyce,  
ſaying, riſe Cheſter, for this wedding day,  
is diſappointed now another way.

Moorton. And in a Song, the lyke was tolde to vs,  
by theſe baſe ſlaues, that now deny the ſame.  
But yet my Lord, I hope it is not ſo ?

620

Cheſter. That they are gon my Lordes, tis true, I knowe.  
But camſe theſe newes from you ? why ſpeake ye not ?

Hugh. Thomas, you are the auncient'st man, I pray ye make answer for vs all.  
Thomas. My Lord, I hope it is not vnknown to your worſhips ho( )r ; that  
I haue liu'de a poore profeſſer of muſique in this pariſh this forty yeeres,  
and no man could euer burden me w<sup>th</sup> the valewe of two pence, that  
ye ſhould now lay three wenches at once to my charge, I will not ſay :  
how much it greeues me, but betweene God & your conſcience be it.

630

Turnop. Nay but heare ye my Lord, doo ye as it were ſeeme in good ſoun(d) ſadnes,  
to tell vs for a certaintie that the Brydes are gon ? an(d) that we, as

- it were should haue some occasion to knowe therof?
- Chester. So say these Lordes, they lay it to your charge.
- Turnop. why then my Lordes bothe great and small,  
knowe that ye wrong not one, but all  
which way so ere they haue betooke them,  
If they be gon, you may goe looke them.  
And if they be not to be found,  
(y)ou haue lost your wiues Ile holde ye a pound. 640
- Chester. Away then villaynes, rayse vp all my men,  
bid them take horsse, and poste foorth euery way.  
By some foule treason are they led from hence,  
My wife else would not w<sup>th</sup> this faulte dispence.  
Away I say, and trouble vs no longer,  
*exeunt clownes & seruauents.*
- Shrimp. why now this geere dooth cotten in right kinde,  
these newes I wot will please my maisters mynde.  
*exit boy.*
- Moorton Enter Llwellen, his trayne, and Iohn a Cumber a loofe of.  
But heere comes one whom this concernes so neere,  
that he will searche the depth of this bolde wrong. 650  
Princely Llwellen, and my noble freend,  
hither thou cōmest by loyall promise bound,  
to sollemnise thy daughters nuptiall rightes  
But fayre Sydanen and Earle Chesters daughter[s],  
are with the aged Countesse parted hence,  
whether or how, as yet we cannot learne.
- Llwellen. why then my freend, thy tydings are too true, / to Iohn a Cumber.  
Pemb vnhappy man, is this my welcome hither?
- [Powesse] My Lord, can he say any thing of their departure?  
Speak gentle freend, and ease our doubtfull mindes. 660
- Cumber. Ease them I cannot, but disease them more,  
They are where you shall neuer see them more.

592 *illa*)*yne thou lyst*,] The first word, though mutilated, is undoubtedly *villayne* (cf. ll. 607, 648 in facsimile), traces of *-illa* being still decipherable. The *yne* has the appearance of *que*, but this is characteristic of the hand (cf. l. 519 *entertayne*). Collier reads \* \* \* *theyr rest*, 595 *vnbraste*.] *rubing*. C. with note 'Rubbing their eyes, we may suppose, as just awake; but the MS. leaves the stage-direction imperfect'. The reading is perfectly clear. 599 Collier punctuates two: *awhyle I pray* 601 *winum*] *w* altered from *v* *vinum*] the *m* is one minim short. 605 *aloofe*] *l* blotted. 606 *to*] probably altered from *all* 608-10 Marked for deletion and speaker's name crossed out. 613 Small cross in greyish ink after Chester. 615 *can*] *n* altered from *ll* 621 *deny*] *ny* 'monogram'. 624 *camse*] sic for *came*, which Collier reads 625 *auncient'st*] *un* has five minims. *all*.] Collier omits. 626 *woorships ho*] *r*,] *worshipps, that* C. 631 *soun(d) sadnes*,] *sober sadnesse*, C. 644 *My*] *M* altered from *w* 645 *vs*] *me* C. 658 *my*] *thy* C. 659 *any*] *ny* 'monogram'.

Moorton. how meanste thou freend? dally not I beseeche thee.  
 Cumber. Prince Griffin of Southwales hath got *Sydanen*,  
 Lord Powesse hath your daughter Marian.  
 And at S<sup>r</sup>. Gosselen deuyles Castell, not farre hence,  
 Before your Countesse, who went with them thither :  
 this day their mariage must be consumate.

Chester. what sayst thou? hath my Countesse wrongd me so?  
 and is this tretcherie by her consent?

Cumber. No my good Lord, Knowe ye one Iohn a Kent?  
 A man whom all this Brittishe Isle admyres :  
 for his rare knowledge in the deepest artes?  
 By pollicye he traynd them from this place,  
 they simply thinking no such hidden guyle,  
 but at Saint winifrides fayre hallowed spring,  
 to pay last tribute of their mayden vowes,  
 went with the Countesse, and that subtyll guyde,  
 So eache of you may now goe looke his Bryde.

Llwellen. Let vs to horsse, and gather able troupes,  
 that may engirt the Castell round about.  
 Proud Griffin, Powesse, and the rest shall knowe,  
 I will not pocket this iniurious wrong,  
 which I will rate at price of their best blood,  
 And his that hath so ouerreachte vs all.

Cumber. fiye my good Lord, nay now ye growe too hot.  
 talke ye of horsse, of men and multitudes?  
 when rayse the very powerfulst strength ye can,  
 yet all's too weak to deale with that one man?  
 Had ye a freend could equall him in Arte,  
 controll his cunning, which he boasts so on :  
 then were there hope of their recouerie,  
 what else ye doo, will help but slenderly.

Moorton. Ile poste to Scotland for braue Iohn a Cumber,  
 the only man renownde for magick skill.  
 Oft haue I heard, he once beguylde the deuill,  
 and in his Arte could neuer finde his matche.  
 Come he with me, I dare say, Iohn a Kent,  
 And all the rest shall this foule fact repent.

Cumber. were he heere now my Lord, it would doo well.

FOL. 6<sup>a</sup>67<sup>a</sup>68<sup>a</sup>69<sup>a</sup>70<sup>a</sup>



But if he come when euery thing is doone  
No credit by the matter can be wun.

Chester. My Lord, goe you and fetch that famous man,  
The Prince and I will forthwith to the Castell,  
where calling them to parle on the walles,  
wee'le promise that they shall enioy the Ladyes  
with our consent, if but a sennight space  
they will adiorne the day of mariage,  
sound reasons wee'le alleadge to vrge them to it.  
then you returnd with him that neuer faylde,  
you haue your wishe, and Iohn in cunning quaylde.

710

Pemb. Be it so. My Lord, Ile beare ye company,  
not doubting but to speed successefully.

Cumber. Ile saue my Lord that labour. Heers Iohn a Cumber,  
entiste to England by the wondrous fame,  
that euery where is spread of Iohn a Kent,  
And seeing occasion falleth out so well,  
I may doo seruice to my Lord heerby:  
I make him my protectour in this case.  
what he hath doone for many dayes together,  
by Arte I knowe, as you haue seene some prooffe.  
Ile make no bragges, but we two Iohns together,  
will tug for maistrie, therefore came I hither.

720

Moorton. The welcomste man that euer came to me, / all embrace him  
And this kinde looue will Moorton well requite  
ffor Gods sake let vs loose no time in vayne,  
tis broad day light, sweet Iohn bestirre thee now.  
for nere thy help could come in greater need.

Cumber. All you to horsse. Ile meet ye on the way.

My Lord, some of those merry lads gaue you good morrowe,  
cōmaund to followe ye, I must imploy them.  
So get ye gon, and leaue me to my selfe.

730

Chester we goe Iohn. Come Gentlemen, away.

Cumber Now Iohn a Kent, much haue I heard of thee  
enuying th( ) fame do( . . . . .

Exeunt, ma(n

711 quaylde.] graylde. C. with note 'Gravelled, from graille, which is used by old writers for gravel'. 712 Collier punctuates *Be it so, my Lord. Ile* In the MS. a full stop at the end of the line has apparently been altered to a comma.

Cumber.' C. 735 enuying] Auncient C. do[ ] \* C.

733 S.D. 'Exeunt: manet

} what (a)rt thou dooing? very seriously, / look in his glasse.  
plotting downes pastimes to delight the Ladyes.

Then haue amongst ye, you Sir haue begun,

} tertius. My turne is next before your sportes be doone. *exit.*

Enter S<sup>r</sup>. Griffin, Powesse, Gosselen and Euan

740

}Gosselen. I can not blame ye Lordes to stirre so early,  
considering what occasions are in hand.  
Loues long pursuit, at length to be requited  
w<sup>th</sup> the due guerdon to continued hope  
And such by meanes of freendly Iohn a Kent,  
shall yeeld you bothe your seuerall harts content.

Euan. yea, but the Countesse and the other Ladyes,  
I doubt were wearied with so late a walke.  
ffor as it seemes they are not stirring yet,  
And little kindnesse were it to disease them,  
before them selues think best to leaue their chamber.  
But say Prince Griffin, wheron doo ye muse?  
you not mislyke *Sydanen* is so neere?  
Nor you, that Marian beares her company.

750

S. Griffin. Sir Euan, Ile be playne, & tell ye what I thought.  
I deeply did conceit within my selfe,  
Lord Moortons passions he will act this morning:  
when newes is brought him that his bryde is gon.  
Think ye he will not curse the fatall houre:  
began so sweete, & now falles out so sower?

760

Powesse. Nay let my Riual beare him company,  
And good olde Chester, for his forwardnes:  
in seeking to deceiue me of my wife.  
But what will he imagine of his Countesse?  
Shee's gon from Courte, and no man can tell whether:  
and colde their sute, should they pursue them hether.

Gosselen Therof you may be bolde; but much I muse  
where Iohn a Kent bestowes him all this while.  
He is so carefull of his coy conceites,  
to sute this sollemne day as it should be:  
that for your sakes, I knowe it shall excell,  
at least he labours all things may be well.

770

Enter Iohn a Cumber lyke Iohn a Kent.

S. Griffin. See where he comes, deep pondering w<sup>th</sup> him selfe,  
important matters, we must not disturb him,  
musique but giue him leaue, till his owne leysure him.

Silence, me thinkes I heare sweet melodie,  
And see he sets the Castell gate wyde ope, / Musique whi<sup>l</sup>  
Stand we aloofe, and note what followeth. he opens the doore

ffrom one end of the Stage enter an antique queintly disguysde 780  
and cōming dauncing before them, singes.

i. Antique. when wanton looue had walkte astray,  
then good regard began to chide :  
And meeting her vppon the way,  
sayes wanton lasse you must abyde.

ffor I haue seene in many yeares,  
That sudden looue breedes sullen feares ;  
Shall I neuer while I liue keep my girle at schoole :  
She hath wandred too and fro,  
ffurder then a Mayde should goe,

Shall she neuer while she liues make me more a foole /into the C 790  
a ducking curtesy—*exit*

Cumber. you little thinke who it is that sung this song ?

S. Griffin. No Iohn, I pray thee tell vs who it is.

Cumber. why Prince Llwellen, come to his daughters wedding  
Is he her father, and not woorth the bidding ?

S. Griffin. Thou doost but iest Iohn, I hope it is not so.

Cumber. I say it is. Heere comes another, lets see if him I knowe.

ffrom the other end of the Stage, enter another antique, as the first.

2. Antique. In a silent shade, as I sate a sunning,  
there I heard a Mayd greeuously complayne :

Many mones she made mongst her sighes still cōming  
all wo( . . . . . 800

737 *downes*] sic. *downe* C. *d* altered from *p* 739 *tertius*.] *Actus Tertius*. C.  
752 *muse* ?] *s* altered, or perhaps inserted. 761 *company*.] *ny* monogram. 767 *Gos-*  
selen] *Powesse* C. 768-71 Large cross in margin in darker ink. 776 *musique*] added  
by another hand in darker ink. *him*.] copied accidentally from line before, probably in place  
of *serue* omitted. 785 *you*] *thou* C. 786 *many*] *ny* monogram. 791 *C*] *Castell* :  
C. After *C* nothing but the tail of an *s* is actually preserved. 801 *Many*] *ny* monogram.  
*made*] *sayde*, C. *mongst*] *amongst* C. *sighes*] *sithes* C. 802 *all wo*] *All was* C.  
Traces are visible throughout.

Then her aged father, counceled her the ra(th  
 to consent where he had plaste his mynde :  
 But her peeuish mother, brought her to another,  
 though it was agaynst bothe course and kynde.  
 Then like a father will I, come to check my filly,  
 for her gadding foorth without my leauē :  
 And if she repent it, I am well contented,  
 home agayne my darling to receiue.

810

—*exit* into the Castell<

Cumber. Lord Powesse, you may guesse by the song who this is.

Powesse. If thother was Llwellen as thou saydst,  
 I doubt then this *Ranulphe* Earle of Chester,  
 Or some deuise figured by thee for them,  
 to fright vs when we are in surest safetie.

Cumber. Content ye Lordes, the fathers beeing by,  
 you may be sure nothing shall goe awry.  
 Heere comes another, listen what he is.

ffrom vnder the Stage the third Antique.

3 Antique. you that seek to sunder looue,  
 learne a lesson ere you goe :  
 And as others paynes doo prooue,  
 so abyde your selues lyke woe.  
 ffor I fynde, and you shall feele :  
 selfe same turne of ffortunes wheele.  
 Then if wrong be repayde :  
 say deserued mends is made.

820

—*exit* into the Castell.

Cumber. what say ye to Earle Moorton, Prince Griffin ? lyke ye his company  
 or no ?

S. Griffin. Come Iohn, thou loou'st to iest, I perswade me it is not so.

830

Gosselen. Tush no such matter, this antique disguise,  
 Is but to giue the Brydes a good morrow so soone as they rise.

Euan. And to make you despaire in the course of his arte,  
 he giues these names to euery seuerall parte.

Cumber. what another yet ? who should this be ?

The fourth out of a tree, if possible it may be.

4 Antiq< ). you stole my looue, fye vppon ye, fye, [a]

you stole my looue, fye fye a.

guest you but what, a paine it is to prooue,



you for your looue would dye a.

840

And hencefoorth neuer longer,

Be such a craftie wronger.

But when deceit takes such a fall,

Then farewell sly deuse and all.

you stole my looue, fye vppon ye fye,

you stole my looue, fye fye a.

—exit into the Castell.

Cumber. My Lord of Pembroke? may it be possible? by my faith we lookte for no  
such guests: Nay then Ile in to make vp the messe. /the dore

—exit into the Castell, & makes fast <sup>^</sup>

Euan. what meaneth Iohn by this mad merrie humour?  
he namde the Prince Llwellen, and the Earle of Chester,  
the Earles of Moorton and of Pembroke; bothe your Riualles

850

It seemes he would entise vs to beleue,  
that in these antique shewes of queint deuse,  
they seuerally are entred in the Castell.

Tis hard for vs to iudge of his intent

Enter Iohn a Kent talking with his boy.

S Griffin. heere now he comes agayne, but not from forth the Castell:

Ile be so bolde as break his serious talke,  
for these deuises make me much misdoubt,  
further then I as yet will seeme to speak on.

860

Now gentle Iohn, shall we intreat to knowe,  
the meaning of your merrie antique showe?

Iohn. what shewe my Lord? what meaning should I tell?

Powesse. why Iohn those antiques went into the Castell.

foure was there of them, and eche seuerally,  
both daunc'ste and sung heere very pleasantly.

The first thou toldst vs was the Prince Llwellen,

The second, noble *Ranulphe* Earle of Chester,  
whom thou hadst brought to grace this day withall.

Moorton and Pembroke were the other twayne,

870

In all which Iohn, I knowe thou didst but fayne.

then more at large d( . . . . .

804 *where*] *w* altered from *h*  
*Ranulphe*] *is* omitted, presumably.  
or blotted. 827 *is*] *it* C.

833-4 Marginal cross in darker ink.

margin some one has made what looks like a bad attempt to copy *the Castell* from the end of  
l. 857 above. It is apparently not in Munday's handwriting.

812 *Llwellen*] *w* altered, possibly from *e*

814 *theem*,] sic. *them*, C.

832 *soone*] *oo* altered.

864 *why*] *w* altered.

813 *this*

819 *Antique*.] *t* altered

*they*] *ey* altered from *y*

868 In the right hand

872 *more*] *now* C.

. . . . . }why Lordes, I pray ye say,  
 }till this instant, sawe ye me today?

Ylen. Sawe thee sweet Iohn? I pray thee, leaue this iesting,  
 thy feyned straungenes makes these Lordes amaze.  
 didst thou not first set ope the Castell gate?  
 and then from sundry places issued forth,  
 the skipping antiques, singing seuerall songs,  
 as loouers vse, that haue endurde some wrongs?  
 And when they all were entred at the gate,  
 thou followedst, seeming then to barre it fast.  
 whence now thou com'ste, to make vs more admyre:  
 I cannot guesse, tell vs, I thee desyre.

880

Iohn. Maister, Ile credit ye, because you speak it.  
 But on my faith, all this is straunge to me.  
 My boy and I haue for these two houres space,  
 beene greatly busyed in an other place,  
 To tell ye trueth, against the Brydes should rise,  
 to sporte them with some pleasing vanities.

890

S. Griffin. Then Iohn lets in for feare of tretcherie,  
 my hart misgiues there is some villainie.

Iohn. The gate is fast my Lordes, bound w<sup>th</sup> such charmes, /he tryes the doore<  
 as very easily will not be vndoone.  
 I hope the learned Owen Glenderwellin,  
 is not come hither [as] in the Lordes behalfe,  
 that are your Riualles, and at this aduauntage:  
 hath ouerreachte me, when I least misdoubted.  
 Is it not he, I cannot guesse the man.

Enter Iohn a Cumber on the walles lyke Iohn a Kent

900

Powesse. My Lordes, see one appeareth on the walles.  
 It's Iohn a Kent, how? Iohn a Kent is heere.  
 Some sly Magitian hath vsurpte thy shape,  
 and this day made vs all vnfortunate.

Iohn. what ere thou be, I charge thee tell thy name.

Cumber. My name is Iohn, what sayst thou to the same?

Iohn. I would thou wert the Iohn that I could wish

Cumber If Iohn a Cumber? then the same it is.

In thy proud thoughtes Iohn, did I heare thee say,

- thou wantedst one to thwart thy deep desseignes, 910  
 layd cunningly to countercheck this looue,  
 because it should not take successe so soone.  
 And me thou namdste, freendly, or how I care not,  
 heere am I now. And what those Lordes haue tolde thee,  
 is very true, thine eyes shall witness it.  
**Musique** Sound musique, while I shewe to Iohn a Kent,  
 those hither come, for whom he neuer sent.  
 whyle the musique playes, enters on the walles Llwellen  
 Chester w<sup>th</sup> his Countesse, Moorton with *Sydanen*, Pemb.  
 with Marian, *Oswen* and *Amerye*. 920  
**S. Griffin.** Ah Iohn, if these be not illusions,  
 but the same partyes, all our hope is dashte.  
 Lllewellen, *Ranulphe* and our hatefull foes,  
 help Iohn, or now afreshe beginnes our woes.  
**Llwellen.** And are ye taken tardy in your shames?  
 Proude Southwales Prince, and ouerdaring Powesse?  
 See now the issue of your enterprise,  
 requites ye with your well deseruing merits,  
 And my *Sydanen* thus restord agayne,  
 shall w<sup>th</sup> Earle Moorton safely now remayne 930  
**Chester.** Madame, I iudg'de [ye] you guiltie in this wrong,  
 till Iohn a Cumber [resolu'de] heere resolu'de the doubt.  
 Now Powesse brag of thy late gotten conquest,  
 Let Iohn a Kent w<sup>th</sup> all the witte he hath,  
 restore thee Marian if he can from me.  
 Heere Earle of Pembroke, take her, she is thine,  
 And thank kinde Iohn whose cunning is diuine.  
**Pemb.** Thankes vnto him, and you moste noble Lord,  
 And shame to them, such as their deedes deserue,  
 that would haue seuerd me from my sweet choyse. 940  
 I hope heer's one hath met w<sup>th</sup> Iohn a Kent

873 *why*] *my* C. 874 *instant*] first *t* altered apparently. 877 *didst*] *st* added.  
 889 *ye*] *you* C. 902 *It's*] *Tis* C. 911 The sense requires some punctuation, apparently  
 a comma after *cunningly* 916 *Musique*] in another hand in greyish ink. 920 *and*]  
 omitted by Collier. 922 *is*] *i* altered, apparently from *v* 923 *Lllewellen*] sic.  
 931 *you*] interlined above deletion. 932 *resolu'de*] crossed out in darker ink.

[S] Mooreton was there no way to yeeld your looue successe,  
but by that fellowes sillie practises?  
let him heerafter meddle w<sup>th</sup> his mates,  
heere's one hath giuen me Marian back agayne  
let him attempt to fetch her if he dare.

*Sydanen* was euer Lady wronged thus before?  
Marian thou knowest my minde, I say no more.

Marian. Sweet Cossen, what we may not now impart, 950  
heere let vs bury it, closely in our hart.

Countesse. This sudden chaunge hath altred quite your hope.  
what was at first concluded, now must be,  
Cossen & daughter, help none else ye see.

Cumber. Now Iohn without, listen to Iohn w<sup>th</sup>in,  
the mariage thou appoyntedst for those Lordes,  
shalbe effected now with these two Lordes.  
[And for they would not let vs] be their guests,  
[They nor thy selfe gets any of our] feastes,  
In mockerie wishe for me another day, 960  
So fare ye well, we haue no more to say.

Iohn. Good Iohn within, heare Iohn without a little,  
winners may bragge, losers haue leaue to speak.  
vnder my shaddowe haue you doone all this,  
much greater cunning had it beene thine owne.  
As yet thou doost but rob me of my selfe,  
Good honest Ihon, let me beholde thy selfe.  
Perhaps my shape makes thee thus boldly vaunte,  
and armes thee with this ablenes of skill,  
wheras thine owne beeing insufficient, 970  
may make thee feare to deale w<sup>th</sup> Iohn a Kent.

Cumber. Lordes and fayre Ladyes, goe disporte your selues,  
about the walkes and gardens of this Castell.  
And for thou ween'st so gayly of thy selfe,  
within this hower Iohn Ile meete with thee,  
in myne owne shape, vpon this Castell greene,  
where I will dare thee, and out dare thee too,  
in whatsoever Iohn a Kent can doo.

Iohn I take thy woord, Ladyes to you alone,

	wishe I all good, but to the others, none. /	they discend.	980
S. (G)riffin.	why say sweet Iohn, what shall betyde vs now ? Now are we wursse then ere we were before.		
Iohn.	Sirra, get ye to the back gate of the Castell, and through the key hole quickly wring thee in, marke well, and bring me woord what stratageme, this cumbring Iohn meanes next to enterprise ffor I am sure he will not leaue me so, At least I meane, not him, away then, goe.		
Shrimp.	I fly Sir, and am there alreadie	—exit boy.	
Powesse.	No comfort Iohn ? what standst thou all a mort ? tis only we that haue the greatest cause. Thou canst I knowe cope w <sup>th</sup> this Iohn a Cumber and maister him, maugre his vtmoste skill, if thou wilt searche into thy deepe conceites.		990
Gosselen.	Iohn, I my selfe haue oft times heard thee wishe, that thou mightst buckle with this Iohn a Cumber. Come is he now to all our deep disgrace, except thou help it ere he scape this place.		
Iohn.	Maister, what ? he that went beyond the deuill, And made him [sell] serue him seuen yeares prentiship : ist possible for me to conquer him ? tis better take this foyle, and so to end.		1000
S. Griffin.	why then our Ladyes this day shall be wed, If or thou canst or wilt not stand vs now in sted.		
Iohn.	Nay there's no wedding toward, that I can see, And when tis doone, yet heere it must not be. Content your selues, and walke the woodes about, [you see] heere is no getting in, we are fayre lockt out.		
Enter shrimpe.	I cannot tell, but if I hit aright		
manet Iohn.	ffor walking heere all day, Ile make [them] some walke all night( ) Be gon I pray ye, I must be (a)lo(ne)		1011

943-7 The speakers' names should probably be transposed for this speech and the one preceding it: otherwise Morton is made to claim Pembroke's bride. 946 *heere's*] 's added.  
 958-9 Marked for omission and partly crossed out in darker ink. 967 *Ihon,*] sic.  
 984 *quickly*] *nimbly* C. 1008 *in,*] interlined above caret mark. 1009 *Enter shrimpe.*] added in another hand in greyish ink, with a vertical line indicating that it should follow l. 1011.  
 1010 *Ile*] *I* C. *some*] written above deletion. 1011 *I must be (a)lo(ne)]* *youre but \* \**  
*Exeunt, praeter Iohn, C.*



Enter Shrimpe skipping.

FOL. 8<sup>b</sup>

me on Sirra, tell me, what newes?

mp.< )Sir, yonder's great preparation for a play,  
which by the shaddowes of the Lordes and Ladyes,  
heere on the greene shall foorthwith be enacted.  
And Iohn a Cumbers whole intent heerin,  
Is that your selfe shall see before your face,  
his arte made currant to your deep disgrace.

Iohn. But wher's the Countesse, Marian and *Sydanen*?  
they are not in the Castell, that I knowe.

1020

Shrimpe. Earle Chesters sonne, and young Lord *Amerye*  
are merily conducting them to Chester,  
And thither will the Lordes them selues this night,  
when they haue seene this play in your dispight.

Iohn Be gon, and bring the Ladyes back agayne,  
with them likewise are sent to be their guydes,  
Stay with them at the Chestnut tree hard by  
till I come for them. Now bestirre thee Iohn,  
for in thy play I purpose to make one.

/exit boy

1030

exit.

Enter Iohn a Cumber in his owne habit, with him Turnop  
Hugh, and Thomas the tabrer.

Turnop. doo ye heare Sir? we can be content as it were to furnish ye w<sup>th</sup>  
our facilitie in your play or enterlude, marie where ye would vs  
to flout, scoff and scorne at Iohn a Kent, for my part, let Hugh  
Sexten and Thomas Tabrer doo as they see occasion, I am not  
to mock him, that is able to make a man a Munkey in lesse then halfe  
a minute of an houre.

1038

Hugh. Ile tell ye what Sir, if it be true that is spoken, marie I will not  
stand to it, a man were better deale w<sup>th</sup> the best man in the countrey,  
then w<sup>th</sup> Maister Iohn a Kent, he neuer goes abroad with out a bushell  
of deuilles about him, that if one speak but an ill woord of him,  
he knowes it by and by, and it is no more, but send out one of his  
deuilles, and whers the man then? nay, God blesse me from him.

Thomas. Harkeye Sir, you are a Gentleman, and weele doo as much for < y  
Lord, the Earle as poore man may doo, If it be to doo or say any thing  
agaynst him selfe, or any other, weele doo it, marie Thomas Taberrer  
will neuer meddle w<sup>th</sup> M<sup>r</sup>. Iohn, no, not I.

Enter Iohn  
a Kent  
Cumber. why sillie soules, Ile be your warrantise

- John shall not touche ye, doo the best he can, / En( )John 1050  
 Ile make ye scorne him to his very face. / a K( )t listning.  
 And let him [how] vendge it, how he will or dare( )
- Turnop. By my troth Sir, ye seeme an honest man, and so faith, could ye  
 be as good as your woord, there be that perhaps would come  
 somewhat roundly to ye. Indeed Sir, Maister Iohn hath dealt  
 but euen so so w<sup>th</sup> me in times past, harke ye Sir, I neuer kist wenc(h  
 or playd the good fellowe, as sometimes ye knowe fleshe & bloode  
 will be frayle, but my wife hath knowen on it ere I came home, and  
 it could not be but by some of his flying deuilles.
- Cumber. Nay I could tell ye other things besyde, 1060  
 what dayly wronges he dooth vnto ye all,  
 which for they aske some leysure to reporte,  
 Ile vrge no more, but that ye ioyne w<sup>th</sup> me,  
 in such an action as I haue in hand,  
 when you shall see him so disabled,  
 not daring to offend the wurst of you,  
 as hencefoorth will he hyde his head for shame,  
 weelee make him such a scoffing iesting game.
- Hugh. But shall he neither send his deuilles to pinche vs? nor doo any other  
 harme if we doo as you bid vs? 1070
- Cumber. harke me, Ile make him fret him selfe to death,  
 with very anger that he cannot touche ye,  
 Bob, buffet him, doo him what wrong ye will,  
 And feare not Ile defend ye by my skill.
- Thomas. well Sir, Ile stand by & giue aime, and if I see them speed well, Ile  
 bring ye such a crewe of wenches on whom his deuilles haue tolde lyes  
 and tales, that your hart would burst to heare how they will vse him
- Cumber. why this is excellent, you fit me now.  
 Come in with me, Ile giue ye apt enstruptions,  
 according to the purpose I entend. 1080  
 That Iohn a Kent was nere so courst before,  
 Our time is short, come lette vs in about it. *—exunt.*

1013 *me, what*] *me, now, what* C. 1028 *Chestnut*] *Chesenut* C. 1031 *Act III*,  
*Scene ii.* 1041 *out*] interlined above caret mark. 1043 *is*] interlined above caret  
 mark. *his*] *these* C. 1045 *for* ( *y* ) *for my* C. 1046 *man*] *men* C. 1047-8 S.D.  
 added in another hand in greyish ink: omitted by Collier, who gives the following note on  
 l. 1083: 'Perhaps John a Kent here reentered, but the MS. is so worn away that no such stage  
 direction can be read.' 1056 *kist wenc(h)*] *besorted* C. 1060-8 Marked for deletion in  
 darker ink. 1069 *other*] *more* C. 1082 Collier wrongly allows for a missing line after  
 this; the rule is clearly visible.

John. Poore Iohn a Kent, heer's making roddes for(  
 Many haue doone the lyke, to whip them selue(  
 But Iohn a Cumber is more wise then so  
 he will doo nothing, but shall take successe.  
 This walke I made, to see this wondrous man,  
 Now hauing seene him, I am satisfied.  
 I know not what this play of his will prooue,  
 But his intent to deale with shaddowes only,  
 I meane to alter, wee le haue the substaunces.  
 And least he should want Actors in his play,  
 Prince Griffin, Lord Powesse and my merrie Maister,  
 Ile introduce as I shall finde due cause.  
 And if it chaunce as some of vs doo looke,  
 One of vs Iohns must play besyde the booke.

FOL. 9<sup>a</sup>

1090

*Actus Quartus Scena Prima.* *exit.*

Enter Shrimp playing on some instrument, a prettie way befo(  
 the Countesse, *Sydanen*, *Marian*, *Oswen* and *Amerye*.

*Oswen*. Madame, this sound is of some instrument,  
 [this] for two houres space it still hath haunted vs,  
 The boye[s] playes now heere, now there, on eche syde round about vs,  
 roundabout them. And questionlesse, either we followe it,  
 Or it guydes vs, least we mistake our way.

1100

*Amerye*. It may be that this famous man of Arte,  
 doubting least Iohn a Kent should crosse our iourney,  
 and seeke reuendge for his receiu'de disgrace :  
 [That] he by this musique [he] dooth direct[s] our course,  
 more redyly to hit the way to Chester.

Countesse. what ere it be, I would we were at Chester.  
 My loouely Niece I see is malcontent  
 So is my Maryan, but what remedye ?  
 when thinges you see fall out so contrary ?

1110

*Sydanen*. Ay poore *Sydanen*, let no more sweet song,  
 be made by Poet for *Sidanen* sake,  
 her fine trim day is turn to black cole night,  
 and she hath lost her sweetest looue delight.

Shrimp. But let *Sydanen* cast away this care, / to her asyde  
 comfort is neerer her then shees aware.

*Sydanen.* what say you Cossen? did you speak to me?

1120

Ma<sup>l</sup> i<sup>an</sup> Not I *Sydanen*, I with you complayne  
On fortunes spight and ouer deep disdayne

Shrimp. But Marian with *Sydanen* may reioyse, / they look<sup>l</sup>  
for time will let them haue their owne harts choyse. / about

*Sydanen.* Pray God amen, O Cossen did you heare,  
a voyce still buzzeth comfort in mine eare.

Marian And so in mine, but I no shape can see  
Tis Iohn a Cumber mocks bothe you and me

*Sydanen.* Cursse on his hart for cumber true looue so,  
which else had made full end of all our woe.

1130

Enter S<sup>r</sup>. Gosselen, Griffin, Powesse and Euan.

Gosselen. How say ye Lordes? now credit Iohn a Kent.  
See where they are, and at the selfe same tree,  
where he assurde vs all of them would be.

S. Griffin. Sweetest *Sydanen*, how thy happie sight,  
makes me forget all former sorrowe quyte.

Powesse. The lyke dooth Marians presence yeeld to me,

**Musique Chime** for all greefes past assurde felicitie.

Euan. Listen my Lordes, me thinkes I heare the chyme, {  
which Iohn did promise, ere you should presume: { A daynt<sup>l</sup> 1140  
to venture for recouerie of the Ladyes. { of musi<sup>l</sup>

Gosselen. The very same, stay till the power therof,  
haue layd the sleepe charge on bothe their eyes,  
that should haue guyded them from hence to Chester.

The boy trips round about *Oswen* and *Amery*, sing<sup>l</sup>  
chyme, and they the one after the other, lay them (  
vsing very sluggish gestures, the Ladyes amazed<sup>l</sup>  
about them.

1083 *for*<sup>l</sup> [*for*] you C. 1101 *for* interlined above deletion. 1108 *he* interlined  
above *that* deleted. *dooth*<sup>l</sup> interlined above *he* deleted. 1116 *turn* sic, perhaps for  
*turnd* 1129 *cumber* sic, probably for *cumbring* 1138 S.D. in another hand and  
greyish ink. *Chime*<sup>l</sup> *chimes* C. 1140-1 S.D. *A dayn*<sup>l</sup>*[ty fit]* of *musique* C. 1147 *amazed*<sup>l</sup>  
*amazedly* C. There is a letter resembling an Italian capital *S* apparently joined to the *d*



- }ep sweetly: sleep sweetly, sweetly take rest,  
 }be sun(g) }ll eche goe with her choyse, where she lykes best.  
 1150  
 Ladyes cheere vp your despayring mindes, for your freendes are neere,  
 that will answere true looue in due kinde, then neuer more feare.  
 }rimp. Lordes take aduantage, for they bothe are fast,  
 bid Iohn a Cumber mend this cunning cast.  
 Gosselen. ffear not good Madame, for you must with me,  
 to end the ioyes these loouers long to see.  
 The chyme playes, & Gosselen w<sup>th</sup> the Countesse goes turning out.  
 S. Griffin. And fayre *Sydanen* I dare boldely say,  
 rather with me will goe, then heere to stay 1160  
 ' The chyme agayne, and they turne out in like manner. *exeunt.*  
 Powesse. I not misdoubt, but Marian beares lyke mynde,  
 this is the way our sweet content to fynd.  
 The chyme agayne, and so they. *exeunt.*  
 Shrimp Sir Euan, follow you the way they take, / exit Euan.  
 for now I must these sleepeie Lordes awake.  
 fiye Gentlemen, what meanes this slothfulnes? / they start vp.  
 you sleep securely, while the subtill foe,  
 hath got your charge, and bred a greater woe.  
 Oswen. Lord *Amerye*, how fell we thus asleep? 1170  
 My mother, sister, and *Sidanen's* gon.  
*Amerye*. Canst thou my boy tell which way they haue tane?  
 or by what meanes they are thus gon from hence?  
 Shrimp. when as my maister, Iohn a Cumber, sawe,  
 how carelessly you did respect your charge,  
 and lay asleep, while as S<sup>r</sup>. Gosselen denvyle,  
 Prince Griffin, Powesse, and another Knight,  
 bare hence the Ladyes toward proud Iohn a Kent:  
 he sent me posting thorow the duskye ayre,  
 to wake ye, and to cause ye followe me, 1180  
 to fetch them back ere they haue got too farre.  
 If then youle speed, follow me presently.  
 Oswen. Thankes to thy maister, we will followe thee,  
 to make amends for our fond negligence.

Shrimp And I will lead ye such a merrie walke,  
as you therof[ore] shall at more leysure talke. Come Gent(l)emen.

*exeunt* *t.*

Enter Iohn a Kent lyke Iohn a Cumber, with him Llwellen,  
Chester, Moorton and Pembrook, foorth of the Castell.

Iohn. Lordes, take your places as you are appoynted.  
Though once I minded but to vse your shaddowes,  
pardon me now I may imploy your persons,  
because that your delight shall be the greater,  
and his disgrace the more to you apparant :  
that durst attempt so bolde an enterprise.  
Now shall ye see if famous Iohn a Kent,  
be able to auoyde disparagement.

1190

Llwellen. But shall *Sydanen* and Earle Chesters daughter,  
be heere in person lykewise as we are ?

Iohn. No my good Lord, their figures shall suffise,  
because you see they are disconsolate,  
And, to speak trueth, beare more affection,  
To Griffin of Southwales, and the Lord Powesse,  
then to Earle Moorton and the Earle of Pembrooke.  
whose shaddowes when those other Lordes shall see,  
so farre estraunged from their former course ;  
how it will quayle their hope, your selues shall iudge,  
and make poore Iohn a Kent mad to beholde it.

1200

Chester. But long ere this I hope they are at Chester,  
and bothe their guydes in safetie at my house.

Iohn. I warrant ye my Lord, they'r safe enough,  
from Iohn, and all the vtmoste he can doo.  
See my good Lord, what I doo for your sake,  
who only may dispose of me & mine.

1210

/ to Mooreton.

) I knowe it Iohn, and should I not confesse,  
thy kyndnes to exceed on my behalfe :  
and guerdon it, I greatly were too blame.

1149 *Song*,] *Sing* C. 1150 *ye*] *Sleep*, C. 1151 *U*] *Till* C. 1152] *mindes*,]  
should be *minde*, to rhyme with *kinde*, 1157 *end the*] *one that* C. Collier adds a note  
"to one *the* joyes" in the MS.; a mere clerical error.' *long*] *love* C. 1161 *exeunt*.]  
Collier omits. 1186 *therof*] altered from *therfore* by insertion of an *o* and deletion of *ore*  
1187 *Act IV, Scene ii.* 1191 *me*] interlined above caret mark. 1199 *good*] interlined  
above caret mark. 1204 Small marginal cross in same coloured ink.

Pemb. The lyk say I, wherof wh( . . . )me( . . . . .  
my thankfulnes shall more at large assure thee.

Iohn. Needlesse my Lordes are all these ceremonyes,  
ffor as I further you in looues affayres :  
So I expect some credit by mine Arte.  
Now silence Lordes, for all the sportes begin,  
And see where Iohn a Kent is first come in.

1220

Enter Iohn a Cumber lyke Iohn a Kent.

Cumber. As he that with vnsatiate thyrst of fame,  
[followes] pursues an action of some high applause,  
to conquer his vsurping enemye,  
and add renowne for euer to his deedes :  
So Iohn a Cumber followes his intent,  
to conquer, sit, and laugh at Iohn a Kent.

1230

Llwellen. what sayes he ? will he laugh him selfe to scorne ?

Iohn. My Lord, you little thinke the scope of his intent,  
he dooth imagine, he hath tane my shape,  
and you shall heare him speak, as he were Iohn a Cumber.  
Note all his actions, and, let it suffice,  
hee le prooue him selfe a foole before your eyes.

Chester. And yet imagine that he scorneth thee ?

Iohn. why that is all, ffor Gods sake, sit and see.

Cumber. Alreadie are my shaddowes set in order,  
ffor Prince Llwellen, Chester, Pembroke, Moorton,  
And see poore Ioh(n) a Kent is walking by,  
as one that cannot yeeld a reason why.

/ he poyntes  
to them.

1242

[S. Griffin.] He poyntes to thee, and tearmes thee Iohn a Kent,  
Moorton let him heerafter brag with Iohn a Cumber :

Pemb. when men of Arte thus striue in merriment  
it needes must rayse in meaner wittes some wunder.

Iohn. Begin your Scene, and if he be not vext,  
I doubt not but he shalbe w<sup>th</sup> the next.

Llwellen. ffye Iohn a Kent, what iniurie is this, / he riseth and  
that thou hast offered to this noble man. / goeth to Iohn  
*Sydanen*, my fayre daughter, whom I looue, / a Cumber.  
wouldst thou haue [ ] wedded to the Southwales Prince,  
And brought'st her hither to thy maisters Castell,  
from whence she was recouered to thy shame.

1252

- ffye Iohn a Kent, for this most sillie parte,  
heerafter tearme thy selfe no man of Arte.
- Chester. Thy subtyll wandring in an Hermits weede, / suddenly starting  
wherby thou didst seduce my aged wife, / to him, after the  
to let her daughter, and my loouely Niece, / other hath do( )e  
walke w<sup>th</sup> her to Saint winifrydes fayre spring 1260  
to offer vp theyr latest mayden vowes,  
and thou, like to an hippocrite, their guyde.  
Say foolish man, what hast thou wun heer by:  
but such dishonor as will neuer dye?
- Moorton. Iohn, Iohn, call thou to minde the Antiques, / he sudden( y) t( )  
that in thy absence got into the Castell,  
And ore the walles returnd vnto thy face  
the only argument of thy disgrace.  
Alas good Iohn, account it then no wonder,  
Such is thy luck to deale w<sup>th</sup> Iohn a Cumber. 1270
- Pemb. well Iohn a Kent, wilt thou be rulde by me? / he suddenly too.  
leauwales, leauw England, and be seene no more,  
this monstrous blemish grauen vppon thy browe,  
will be but greefe to vs thy countrey men,  
Then seeing that so tardy thou wert catcht,  
yeeld him the bucklers that thee ouermatcht.
- Cumber. how now? whats this? my shaddowes taught to speak,  
that to my face, they should vnto my foe?
- Llwellen. Shaddowes prooue substaunce Iohn, thou art too weak,  
then like a sillie fellowe, pack and goe. 1280
- Cumber. Speak heere to Iohn a Kent, speak ye to me?
- Chester. we speak to Iohn the foole, and thou art he.
- Cumber. Spirits, Ile torture ye for this abuse.
- Moorton. Torture thy selfe( . . . . .

1217 *wherof wh( )me( ) wherof \*\* care \*\* C.* 1226 *pursues*] interlined above  
deletion. *action*] *i* altered, perhaps from *e* 1230 *conquer,*] *conquer* C. 1241 *Ioh(n)*]  
*n* blotted. Comma at end of line almost obliterated by blot of modern ink. 1252 The  
deleted letter is probably *d* 1259 *do( )e*] *done* C. 1261 *vph*] interlined above caret  
mark. 1262 *guyde.*] The *uy* has only two minims: cf. *ny* 'monogram'. 1265 *sudden( y)*  
*t( ) suddenly* C. 1271 *suddenly too.*] *suddenly* C. 1275 *wert*] *art* C. 1283 *torture*]  
*to [punish]* C. *tur* blotted. 1284 *Fret not thy selfe . . . . . C.* Traces are visible  
throughout; the head of a tall letter, probably *s* or *f*, being distinguishable beneath the *a* of  
*art* in 1282.



- ... p)oynted you
- Pemb. Al<sup>k</sup> ) poore sillie soule, thou mayst appoynt,  
and all thy poynting is not woorth a poynt.
- Cumber. whence am I crost? may it be Iohn a Kent,  
hath ouerreachte me in myne owne deuise?  
The more I striue to knowe, the further of,  
I am from compassing what fayne I would.  
Ile sit awhyle, and meditate heeron. 1290
- Iohn. what? in a study? nay I must awake him,  
with other thinges more angry yet must make him. he sits down(e
- Enter Sr Gosselen denvyle, Griffin, Powesse, [Euan.] the Countesse
- S. Gosselen. *Sydanen* and Marian.  
Alas alas, why droupeth Iohn a Kent? /to Cumber  
Looke cheerely man, for see, Earle Chesters wife,  
through power of thine incomparable skill,  
is back returnd from deuillish Iohn a Cumber,  
and no man hath the shame but he alone. / Iohn a Cumber<sup>k</sup>  
stamps about.
- S. Griffin. I knowe this sadnes is but thy conceite,  
because he crost thee ere thou wast aware. 1302  
But may not this cheere vp thy minde agayne:  
that thou hast brought me sweet *Sydanen* back?
- Powesse. And heere is Marian too, my soules delight,  
who but for thee had beene Earle Pembrookes bryde.  
let Iohn a Cumbers foyle then be of force,  
sithe we enioy what we can most desyre:  
to make thee leaue this discontented humour. 1310
- Cumber. Sleep I? or wake I? dreame I? or doo I dote?  
Looke what I poynted all these shapes to doo,  
agaynst the man that I doo enuye moste:  
they doo it to me, and he sits laughing by,  
as if there were no Iohn a Kent but I.
- Countesse. why frolique Iohn, thy arte prooues excellent,  
let not one simple foyle make thee dismay,  
thou art reuendgde vnto thine owne content,  
let Iohn a Cumber doo the wurst he may.
- Sydanen*. And will sweet Iohn a Kent not look so sad,  
*Sydanen* will intreat all Brittain Poet,  
to wride large volume of thy learned skill, 1320

- for bringing her where she desyre to be,  
and from that Iohn a Cumber set her free.
- Marian. Look what my Cossen sayth, the lyke doo I,  
and will extoll thy fame continually.
- Euan. Into the Castell then, and frolique there.  
I knowe that Iohn will not stay long behinde,  
since your succeſſe dooth anſwere thus his mynde.
- Iohn how say ye now my Lord, did not these shaddowes;  
make him halfe thinke they were the same indeed?  
*exeunt into the Castell* 1330
- ¶ Llwellen what ere they did in him, beleue me freend,  
but that I more relye vppon thine arte,  
then the opinion this hath raysde in me:  
I should haue sworne that that was my *Sydanen*.
- Moorton. In sooth my Lord, I iump with your conceite.  
And trust me I was not a little moou'de,  
Prince Griffins shape so led her by the hand:  
but that I credit arte, more then mine eye.
- Powesse. will ye beleue me? but that Iohn is by, 1340  
And dooth all this to plague yon Iohn a Kent:  
these semblaunces would make me much misdeeme.  
Pardon me Iohn, for looue is full of feare,  
and such illusions neither please eye not eare.
- Chester. Then well fare me that differ from you all.  
should I haue tooke that shaddowe for my Countesse?  
or else the other for my daughter Marian?  
Nay, what he did already so resolues me,  
that I am dreadlesse now of Iohn a Kent.
- Iohn. I thanke ye good my Lord, so holde ye still, 1350  
for Iohn's no Iohn I see without good skill.  
Ther's one fit more of merriment behinde,  
that ift hit right, will serue him in his kinde.

1285 Traces are visible throughout, also of the speaker's name. 1289 *ouerreachte*] *over-*  
*watchte* C. 1295 *Euan.*] crossed out in greyish ink. 1312 Small marginal cross in  
same coloured ink. 1318 *owne*] *none* C. 1321 *Brittaine Poet.*] *Brittains Poets* C.  
1322 *wride*] sic, for *write*, which Collier reads. 1323 *desyre*] sic, for *desyres* 1325 *doo*]  
*d* apparently touched up to distinguish it from *e* 1336 *your*] very faint beneath modern  
blot or dirt. 1337 *me*] interlined above caret mark. 1340 *Powesse.*] sic, for *Pembrooke*.  
1340-4 Marked for deletion in ink of the same colour.

- Turnop. A pause maisters, a pause, we are not come only t⟨  
to doo somewhat else besyde, for we are of the Ent⟨  
nicknock Iohn a Kent, if the honest Gentleman < . .  
woord.
- Thomas. As good as his woord? why looke ye yonder where he standes <  
honors worship, euen as he sayd he would. he noddeth hi⟨ ) head at < 1360  
as one would say, Maisters, fall to your busines, or doo that ye come fo⟨
- Hugh. Good Lord looke how Iohn a Kent sits in a browne study as it were, who⟨s  
begin now? come lets knowe that.
- Turnop. who shall begin? what a question is that? let mayde Marian haue the f⟨ . .  
flurt at him, to set an edge on our stomacks, and let me alone in faith⟨  
to ierke it after her.
- Spurling. Now by my troth well aduisde good neighbour Turnop, Ile turne her to him⟨  
if he were a farre better man then is, too him, too him, touch him roundly.
- Boy. what? think ye I am afrayde of him? infaith Sir no. Precise Iohn, or ra-  
ther peeuish peeld paltrie Iohn, doost thou remember how many iniuries 1370  
from time to time thou hast doone me? first in sending thy deuilles to⟨  
tell lyes and tales of me, then making my dame to cudgell me, and lastly  
to pinche me black and blewe when I neuer offended thee, for which  
I defyee thee to thy face, and dare thee to meete me in any place.
- Turnop. Heare ye Sir? you Sir, as one would say, good man you Sir, because  
breuitie is best in such a queazie action, it is concluded or conditioned  
among vs that haue some authoritie in this case, that because our  
Morris lacks a foole, and we knowe none fitter for it then you M<sup>r</sup>. Iohn  
heeres a coat spick and span new, it neuer came on any mans back since  
it was made, therfore for your further credit, we will giue you hanse⟨ . . 1380  
of it, and where we took ye for a wise man before, we are contented  
to account of ye as our foole for euer heerafter.
- Hugh. In witnesse wherof, we the youtthes of the parishe, put it on ye with  
put it on him. our owne handes. Nay, neuer striue or wunder, for thus we are appoynted  
by great Iohn a Cumber.
- Turnop. At it now Thomas lustily, and let vs ierke it ouer the greene, seeing  
we haue got such a goodly foole as M<sup>r</sup>. Iohn a Kent.
- Chester. why this will make poore Iohn a Kent stark mad, — *exeunt* dauncing⟨  
and questionlesse heele nere more shewe his face,  
to be reprooued with this deep disgrace

- Iohn. Lordes, sit ye still, Ile come agayne anon,  
I am prettily reuengde on Cumbring Iohn. — *exit.*
- Enter Shrimpe leading *Oswen* and *Amery* about the tree.
- Oswen. were euer men thus led about a Tree?  
still circkling it, and neuer getting thence?  
My braynes doo ake, and I am growen so faynt,  
that I must needes lye downe on meere constraynt. / he lyes do( . . .
- Amery.* This villayne boy is out of doubt some spirit,  
still he cryes follow, but we get no further,  
then in a ring to daunce about this tree. 1400  
In all my life I neuer was so wearie.  
follow that list, for I can goe no longer. / he lyes down ( . . .
- Shrimp. There lye and rest ye, for I think your walke,  
hath not beene altogether to your ease.  
Now I must hence, I heare my maisters call,  
it standes vppon the push of opening all. — *exit* boy.
- Oswen. Lord *Amery*, is not yon my father?  
the Prince Llwellen, Moorton and Earle Pembrook?
- Amery* Tis they indeed, O let vs call to them,  
to trye if they can get vs from this tree. 1410  
Help Prince of wales, ah help vs Earle of Chester,  
Or else thy sonne and I are lyke to perishe.
- Chester. Oswen my Sonne? and young Lord *Amery*?  
shaddowes they be not, for tis they indeed. / They( e . . .  
Tell me, ah tell me, wherfore lye ye heere? / them  
where are the Ladyes that you had in charge?
- Llwellen Ah speak young Lordes, my hart dooth dread some ill,  
ye looke so gastly, and so full of feare.
- Oswen Lend vs your ayde to rayse vs on our feete,  
that we may get from this accursed tr( 1420

1354 *Enter Turnop and his trayne.* C. 1356 *Ent(] Qu(* C. 1360 *at]* C. omits.  
1362 *looke how]* *looke you how* C. 1364 *a]* interlined above caret mark. *the f(] the*  
*first* C. 1367 *Turnop,]* *n* interlined above caret mark. 1372 *lastly]* *after* C.  
1380 *hanse(] haunsell* C. 1381 *ye]* *you* C. 1384 Collier omits S.D. 1386 *At]*  
This is the original reading, but the *A* is obscured by marks in darker ink. It is uncertain  
whether these are accidental, or whether some alteration was intended. 1394 *euere]* *never* C.  
1397 *lyes]* *l* altered from *h* *do(] downe* C. 1404 *altogether]* *alt* very faint beneath  
modern blot or dirt. 1417 Small marginal cross in same coloured ink.



- . . . )ll h(e oste) vnhappy newes. /they help th( . .  
 N)o ill to my *Sidanen*, then I care not,  
 ) Be Marian well, be what it may besyde.  
 ) where is the villayne boy, that thus misled vs?  
 Boy was he not, but questionlesse some fiend,  
 that hath tormented vs, as nere was lyke.  
 yellen. Aske for no boyes aske for no fiends or furies,  
 But tell me quickly, where is my *Sydanen*?  
 liuing or dead, or how she is bereft ye?  
*Oswen*. Breefely to answere all of ye together, 1430  
 Nor of my mother, Marian or *Sydanen*.  
 lyes it in vs to tell ye whats become,  
 other then this, as it was tolde to vs,  
 That Griffin, Powesse and S<sup>r</sup>. Gosselen denvyle,  
 reskewed them from vs, how or when we knowe not,  
 Enter so sayd a deuill or boy sent to vs from Iohn a Cumber.  
 Enter Iohn a Cumber pulling of his foole coat, lyke Kent still.  
 Cumber ffrom me young Lordes? alas you were deceiu'd,  
 as you likewise, and all haue beene together.  
 Looke not so straunge Lordes, deeme not me Iohn a Kent, 1440  
 that in his sted haue beene so much misusde,  
 scorned by you, then flouted by the Ladyes,  
 last made a foole heere in a morris daunce,  
 and all preparte gaynst him, turnd on my selfe  
 In breefe then to abridge all further wunder,  
 yonder is Iohn a Kent, [I] heere Iohn a Cumber.  
 Iohn a Kent in his owne habit, denvyle, Griffin, Powesse, Euan,  
 Countesse, *Sydanen*, *Marian* and Shrimp on the walles.  
 Iohn. Now Iohn within, may speak to Iohn without,  
 And Lordes to you that frumped him so finely. 1450  
 Once you were heere, and shut vs out of doore,  
 you had these Ladyes, but ye could not keep them.  
 where are those twayne that daunc'st about the Tree?  
 Look on your Minstrell heere Sirs, this was he. /to Shrimp  
 But as for you Iohn, that vsurpte my shape,  
 And promiske you would meet me on the greene,

O you were busyed too much with your play,  
 but you knowe best who went the foole away.  
 That I am quit with thee thou wilt confesse ?

Cumber. I doo Iohn, for twere shame to yeeld thee lesse,  
 1460 but I may liue to meet with ye heerafter.  
 I pray thee Iohn, shall we haue one cast more ?

Iohn So thoul't deale wyser then thou didst before.  
 Promise me one thing Lordes, and you shall see,  
 Ile offer him more oddes, then he dare me.

Llwellen Lets heare it Iohn, and as we like, wee le answer.

Iohn. It is so reasonable, you cannot deny me.  
 ffayne would ye that your daughters were combinde,  
 in sacred wedlock with those noble Lordes.  
 Promise me that it shall be doone this day,  
 1470 without more dallying, Ile deliuer them, /the Ladyes  
 to Iohn a Cumber, so he will bestowe,  
 his very deepest skill to make it sure.  
 But if he fayle, and be my luck to speed,  
 to ceasse contention, and confesse him foyld,  
 [And] As I will doo the lyke, if he preuayle.

Llwellen I am agreed, what sayes my Lord of Chester ?

Chester. The motion is so good, that I consent.

Cumber. Lordes and fayre Laydes, you likewise agree,  
 to take your fortune how so ere it be ?  
 1480 we doo.

O(mn)es. Then, not so churl-like, as when you were Lordes,  
 Iohn. Of this our Castell, to allow no fauour,  
 b)ut euen to hunger starue vs at the doore,  
 nter) all freely, and toake parte with vs,  
 )d cheere, for some of you haue need.

1421 There appear to be traces of *wi* before *ll*, and another illegible letter which may be joined to *w*. Collier reads . . . *the unhappy newes*. *th()* them C. 1422 *care*] *can* C. Morton is speaking. 1423 Pembroke speaking. 1427 Small marginal cross in same coloured ink. 1429 *she is*] *is she* C. 1436 *Enter*] added in another hand, but the same coloured ink. 1437 *foole*] sic, ? for *fooles* 1446 *heere*] interlined. 1447 *Euan*,] Collier omits. 1461 *ye*] *thee* C. 1477 Small marginal cross in same coloured ink. 1485 *nter*] *Enter* C. *toake*] sic, a apparently altered from *o*, the intention no doubt being to delete the first *o* 1486 *ad*] [*In our*] *good* C.

Then( . . . . . )

And aft( )rward ere night we meane to try( )  
who shall haue conquest, either he or I.

Cumber. Brauely resolu'de Iohn, I must needes cōm( d t)h( )  
thoul't haue the wurst if fortune but befr( )d m(e).

1490

*Actus Quintus Scena Prima.*

Enter the Abbot of Chester read(i g) a letter, & one of ( )  
Abbot. My honest freend, this letter from thy Lord,  
shewes that the mariages, so long deferd,  
betweene the Ladyes and their seuerall suters :  
must now at length be finished this day.  
And at this Abbey is the place appoynted.  
further he sayth, that all the Abbey gates,  
not only must be fast, but strongly mand,  
with his owne guard appoynted for the purpose,  
that none may issue foorth, or enter in,  
but such as first must by him selfe be seene.  
what ? is there daunger of preuention ?  
or that resistaunce will be offered ?

1500

Seruaunt. daunger there is, but what, in sooth I knowe not,  
Lord Abbot, I haue performde my charge to you,  
I must goe warne his garde in readines,  
and then returne to certefye my Lord.

Abbot. Assure his honor, what he hath referd,  
vnto my trustie care and secrecie  
in euery poynt shall answere his content.  
Our Lord forbid, but he should heere cōmaund,  
that is our patrone, and so good an Earle.

1510

Seruaunt. his honor will be thankfull for this kindnes,  
which Ile not fayle at full to let him knowe.

*exit Seruaunt.*

Abbot ffarewell my freend, Ile bout my busines strayte,  
and gaynst his cōming giue my due attendaunce.

*exit Abbot.*

Enter Iohn a Kent, denvyle, Griffin and Powesse.  
S. Griffin. would any man but you haue beene so fond,  
to yeeld the Ladyes, when we might haue kept them ?  
poore soules, with what vnwillignes they went,

1520

- pray God this rashnes all we not repent.
- P( >wesse. what though that once ye proou'de too hard for him?  
still are ye certaine of the lyke successe?  
Remember how he crost vs at first,  
once warnde, dooth make a man to dread the wurst.
- denvyle. I will suspend my iudgement in this case,  
and rather hope, then feare what may befall.  
Once this I knowe, it will goe wondrous hard, 1530  
Ere Iohn a Kent be in his purpose bard.
- Iohn. ffear you, hope you, for my parte, Ile doo neither,  
but track his steppes that treades the way before,  
to doo the thing he can vndoo no more.  
These weddings then must be at Chester Abbey,  
the Gates wherof moste strongly will be mand,  
Entraunce there is allowed [to] at none but one,  
And Iohn a Cumber there must be the Porter,  
Tis very lyke then, none of you get in.  
And yet in faith it would be very prettie, 1540  
to prooue his eye sight, whether he doo knowe,  
the men that should be let in, yea or no.  
would not you laugh to see him let you in,  
and keep them out that [m st] should his wager winne?
- S. Griffin Oh that were excellent, might it be so,  
and if thou list, doubtlesse it shall be so.
- Iohn. Lord Powesse, what think you?
- Powesse. Euen as Prince Griffin, so sweet Iohn say(  
thou art the man mayst make vs liue or dy(
- denvyle. If it should fall out so successefully, 1550  
besyde the endlesse that thou shalt winne(
- p( >ud Iohn a Cumbers foyle will be the(.

1487 Traces are visible throughout, apparently including a *þ* above *w* and a *y* above *h*  
 1488 *ere night we meane] are right welcome C.* 1490 *cōm( d t)h(] commend thee C.*  
 1491 *befr( >d] befriend C.* 1493 *read(i g)] reading C.* 1519 *Act V, Scene ii.*  
 1528 Small marginal cross in same coloured ink. 1531 *be] b altered from f* 1534 *the]*  
*t altered, apparently.* 1537 *at] interlined above deletion.* 1544 *should] interlined*  
*above deletion.* 1548 *say(] say I. C.* 1549 *dy(] dye C.* 1550 Small marginal  
 cross in same coloured ink. 1551 *endlesse that] a word obviously missing: Collier supplies*  
*fame* 1552 *p( >ud] proud C.* There is a hole in the paper, but the traces are consistent  
 with Collier's reading. *the(. .] therein. C.*



. . . . ) shall b( . . . ),

FOL. 12<sup>b</sup>

) Iohn a Cumber euen him selfe say no.

B)ut how can we disguyse our selues so soone,

) euery poynt lyke Mooreton and Earle Pembrook?

f ) otherwise of force we must be knowen?

) Tu(sh) weelee no shapes, nor none of these disguysings,

they (h t)ofore seru'de bothe his turne and myne,

As no( ) ye are, so shall ye passe the gate.

1560

And for the blame shall not relye alone,

on poore Iohn Cumber, when the faulte is spyed,

albeit his skill will be the lesse therby :

The Prince Llwellen, and the Earle of Chester,

shall bothe be by, and graunt as much as he.

Nay more, them selues shall bring ye to the Chappell,

and at their handes shall you receiue your Brydes.

If this I doo not ere two houres be spent,

Neuer let me be calld more Iohn a Kent.

Powesse. Ah peerelesse Iohn, w<sup>th</sup> looue, with life and landes,

1570

will we requyte this kindnes at thy handes.

/ embracing.

S. Griffin And sing sweet Sonnets in thy endlesse prayse,

while our fayre looues and we enioy our dayes

Iohn. Let vs away, it is vppon their cōming.

ffor they think long vntill the deed be doone,

wherby Iohn hopes his credit will be wun.

*exeunt.*

Enter Llwellen, Chester, Countesse, *Sydanen*, Marian,  
*Oswen*, *Amery*, Iohn a Cumber, and Abbot.

Chester. ffear not my Lord, my selfe haue beene about,

and seene the gates mand as they ought to be,

1580

with spyes besyde that shall regard the walles.

And with the Abbot haue I tane this order,

Only this gate shall serue for enteraunce.

Llwellen. But by your leaue my Lord, we will entreat,

that Iohn a Cumber, till it be dispatchte,

will sit as porter, then we may be sure,

that practise Iohn a Kent what ere he dare,

while he is there the lesse neede be our care.

Cumber. Alas my Lordes, I see what he intends,

to come in person like this reuerend Abbot,

1590

therby to get in Griffin and Lord Powesse.  
 but therin Ile preuent him, feare ye not.  
 ffather take you the Ladyes to your charge,  
 and w<sup>th</sup> the Countesse lead them to the Chappell  
 you twayne will stay vntill the Brydegroomes come.  
 then afterward let all the charge be mine.

Countesse. Come loouely Niece and Marian, wend with me,  
 this day will end the greefes wherin you be.

Sydanen But may it prooue as poore *Sydanen* wish,  
 else her hart cares will farre surmount her blisse.

1600

Marian Now Iohn a Kent if euer thou shewedst skill,  
 doo it at this instant, and our ioyes fulfill.

*exeunt* Coun. *Syd.* Ma. Ab.

Llwellen. I wunder that these Lordes doo stay so long,  
 so soone as we they sayd they would be heere.

Enter Iohn a Kent a loof of, Griffin and Lord Powesse.

Iohn. Goe on and feare not, now Iohn we shall see,  
 if ye can help your eyes infirmitie.

Chester O heere they be, fye Lordes why stay ye so?  
 the other would haue made more haste I knowe.

Cumber. Be thou their guyde, goe, quickly make an end,  
 and then let Iohn a Kent my skill cōmend.

1610

*exeunt.*

) O rare Magitian that hast not the power,  
 to beat asyde a sillie dazeling mist,  
 which a mere abce scholler in the arte,  
 can doo it with the least facillitie.  
 But I will ease him when the other come,  
 T) o see how then he will bestirre him selfe.

) Enter Moorton and Pembroke (. . sti. l

) doe (my) Lord that there ( . . . .

( . . . . . )

1620

1553 \* it shall be so, C. 1554 )Iohn] Though John C. 1556 )euery] In every C.  
 1557 f )] For C. of force we must] we must, of force, C. 1558 John a Kent speaking.  
 1559 (h t)o] heerto C. 1560 no] now C. 1570-6 Marked for deletion in darker ink.  
 1577 Act V, Scene iii. 1579 Lord] Lordes C. 1584 Small marginal cross in same  
 coloured ink. 1590 in] interlined above caret mark. 1597-1602 Marked for deletion in  
 darker ink. 1601 if] i blotted. 1602 S.D. *Exeunt Count. Sydanen, &c.* C. 1603 Small  
 marginal cross in same coloured ink. 1609 other] others C. 1612 John a Kent  
 speaking. 1616 him] interlined above caret mark. Collier reads *them* 1618 There  
 are traces of letters after *Pembroke*, the remains, apparently, of an erasure. 1620 There  
 clearly was a line here, although its remains are now entirely illegible. Collier does not allow  
 for it.

)d me wh( . .)e r(

I had not parted w<sup>th</sup> them but (

By thy leaue Iohn, say, are the(

Cu(m)ber. Alas, alas, hath cunning Iohn(

no wiser way then this to f(.

Goe aske of him whether the (

and he will say they are wed(

Moorton. wedded ? to whom ? I hope (

Cumber. To them whose counterfeite(

to noble Earle Pembrook ( 1630

Pemb. Are not we they ? what ? a(

Cumber. how ere I am, no passage w(

for you or him, although he d(

Iohn. why Gentlemen, can ye thi(

Is this the man whose kno(w

to face ye downe ye be no(

Enter Chester. Ll w(

Cumber why how now Lordes, wh(

Llwellen. At that which now is to(

Prince Griffin and( 1640

vnto our daughter(

we tooke them f(

Chester. heere you (my Lor(

while you h(o

you come to(

Moorton. Oswen, sp(

Oswen. Iest tho(

Earle (

you m(

for (. 1650

(E

Amery (

) 1652

[Here probably 35 lines are lost.]

{ . . . . " . . . . y . . . . . }

ha)d beene to haue wrongde them.

)}doo the lyke confesse, [1690]

. )d *Sydanen* nere the lesse.

)}ds as toward me you meant,

t)hanke thee Iohn a Kent.

. ) must yeeld her { . . . . t)oo

. ) you had so much to doo.

. ) make ye waste the time in vayne,

. )e as [these times] this day requires,

. )er, be not thou displeasde,

}least these amourous cares hath easde.

t)o be disgraste by thee, [1700]

}r bothe of mine and me.

}des, and euer more heerafter

}vow continuall looue.

f)ortune was not euill,

}ouermatchte the deuill. *exeunt.*

}is. *Anthony Mundy*

}Decembris 1596.

1621 \*\*\* *me* \*\* *they* \* *be* \*\*\* C.  
reads *find*

1627 *wed*{ } *wed.* C.

1636 *no*{ } *not* C.

1638 *wh*{ } *joy* C.

1644 *h*{o} *ha* C.

1647 *tho*{ } *th* C.

are visible.

1652 This is the last line of which any trace remains on the recto of the fragmentary thirteenth leaf. On a full leaf there would be room for 33 to 35 lines more (cf. Fols. 11<sup>a</sup> and 12<sup>a</sup>, which have 34 lines each after the crack in the middle of the page: also Fols. 11<sup>b</sup> and 12<sup>b</sup>, with 34 and 35 lines respectively). 35 lines have been allowed for in the numbering, which becomes from this point, therefore, conjectural.

1688 \*\*\*\*\* *me* or *you* \*\*\*\*\* C.  
*towards the* C.

1697 *this day*] interlined above deletion.

1691 *d*] *nd* C. 1692 *lds*] *ld* C. 1694 { } *f*oo] *requires*] *s* added.

1698 *er*] *ter* C.

1699 *least*] *feast* C.

reads *so* for *to*, and omits *be*.

1701 *r*] Collier omits.

has been added in darker ink, in a neat Italian hand, unlike Munday's.

















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